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HON. ABRAM LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

WE engrave herewith the portrait—from a photograph by Brady—of Hon. Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, the Republican candidate for President. The following sketch of his career is from the *Herald:*

Abram Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Presidency in the campaign of 1860, is a native of Harden County, Kentucky. He was born February 12, 1809. His parents were born in Virginia, and were of very moderate circumstances. His paternal grandfather, Abram Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781–'82, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians. His ancestors, who were respectable members of the Society of Friends, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. Descendants from the same lineage still reside in the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

Abram Lincoln, the subject of this memoir, further removed from Kentucky to Spencer County, in Indiana, in 1816.

Mr. Lincoln received a limited education. In 1830 he removed to Illinois, and passed the first year in Macon County, engaged in agricultural pursuits. He next went to New Salem, at that time in Sagamon County, now Chenard County, where he remained about one year as a clerk in a store. About this time the Florida or Black Hawk War broke out, and on the call from the Federal Government for volunteers, a company was raised in New Salem, and Lincoln was elected captain. He served during this memorable campaign. On his return to Illinois, in 1832, he became a candidate for the State Legislature, but was defeated. The next three succeeding biennial elections he was elected to the Legislature by the Whig party. During his legislative term he studied law, and subsequently engaged practically in the profession at Springfield; but his practice at the bar did not withdraw his attention from politics, and for many years he was one of the leaders of the Whig party in Illinois, and was on the electoral ticket in several presidential campaigns. He was a disciple of Henry Clay, and exerted himself in his behalf in 1844, by making a tour of Illinois and advocating Clay's election to the Presidency. He was elected to Congress in 1846, and served until 1849.

While in Congress the Wilmot Proviso warfare was in progress, and which disturbed the peace and harmony of the country until it shook the foundation of the Union from its centre to its circumference. He voted forty-two times for the Proviso. He was also active, in connection with Seward, Chase, Giddings, and other abolitionists, in the agitation of that subject. He also opposed the Mexican War, and declared it unconstitutional and wrong, and voted against the bill granting 160 acres of land to the volunteers.

In the National Convention of 1848, of which he was a member, he advocated the nomination of General Taylor, and sustained the nomination by a canvass of his own State. In 1852 he was efficient in his efforts for General Scott, and was considered by the Whigs of Illinois and the Northwest as one of their leaders. From 1849 to 1854 Mr. Lincoln was engaged in the practice of his profession.

In 1849 he was a candidate before the Illinois Legislature for United States Senator, prior to which he stumped the State for the Whigs. When the Legislature met, the Democracy was in the majority, and General Shields, the Democratic candidate, was elected. In 1855 he was again the candidate of the Whigs for United States Senator before the Legislature chosen that year; but the Democracy being in the majority, Lincoln was again defeated and Judge Trumbull, the Democratic candidate, elected. In 1856 Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Frémont electoral ticket in Illinois. In 1858 it was the desire of the Illinois Republican State Committee to have Mr. Lincoln succeed Douglas in the United States Senate, and to effect this he stumped the State for the Republicans; and it was during this campaign that Mr. Lincoln made the best political speeches of his life, and from which the people of the Union will at once read his sentiments on the great questions of the day. He is a tariff man, in favor of a protective policy, opposed to the Dred Scott decision, urging as an especial reason for his position that it deprives the negro of the rights of that clause in the Constitution of the United States which guarantees to the citizens of each State all the rights, privileges, and immunities of the several States.

In the campaign in Illinois in 1858, when he stumped the State in opposition to Douglas, he showed himself an adept in political strategy, and suited his speeches to the locality in which he spoke. His partisans claim that he had the advantage of the Illinois Senator as well in eloquence as in tact, and commend very highly the manliness and courage which he displayed on several occasions when they met in debate.

In personal appearance Mr. Lincoln, or, as he is more familiarly termed among those who know him best, "Old Uncle Abe," is long, lean, and wiry. In motion he has a great deal of the elasticity and awkwardness which indicate the rough training of his early life, and his conversation savors strongly of Western idioms and pronunciation. His height is six feet three inches. His complexion is about that of an octoroon; his face, without being by any means beautiful, is genial looking, and good humor seems to lurk in every corner of its innumerable angles. He has dark hair tinged with gray, a good forehead, small eyes, a long penetrating nose, with nostrils such as Napoleon always liked to find in his best generals, because they indicated a long head and clear thoughts; and a mouth which, aside from being of magnificent proportions, is probably the most expressive feature of his face.

As a speaker he is ready, precise, and fluent. His manner before a popular assembly is as he pleases to make it, being either superlatively ludicrous or very impressive. He employs but little gesticulation, but when he desires to make a point produces a shrug of his shoulders, an elevation of his eyebrows, a depression of his mouth, and a general malformation of countenance so comically awkward that it never fails to "bring down the house." His enunciation is slow and emphatic, and his voice, though sharp and powerful, at times has a frequent tendency to dwindle into a shrill and unpleasant sound; but, as before stated, the peculiar characteristic of his delivery is the remarkable mobility of his features, the frequent contortions of which excite a merriment his words could not produce.

Mr. Lincoln is the author of the basis upon which Seward formed his "irrepressible conflict" platform, as will be seen from the subjoined extracts from his speeches. Lincoln's "irrepressible conflict" sentiments were uttered in a speech delivered at Springfield, Illinois, June 17, 1858, and Seward's speech on the same topic in October, 1858. Mr. Lincoln, in his speech at Springfield, Illinois, on the 17th of June, 1858, said:

> In my opinion it will not cease [the slavery agitation.—*Ed.*] until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself can not stand." I believe this Government can not endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South.

In another speech at Chicago, on the 16th of July, 1858, he said:

> I have always hated slavery, I think, as much as any Abolitionist. I have been an Old Line Whig. I have always hated it, and I always believed it in course of ultimate extinction. If I were in Congress, and a vote should come up on a question whether slavery should be prohibited in a new Territory, in spite of the Dred Scott decision I would vote that it should.

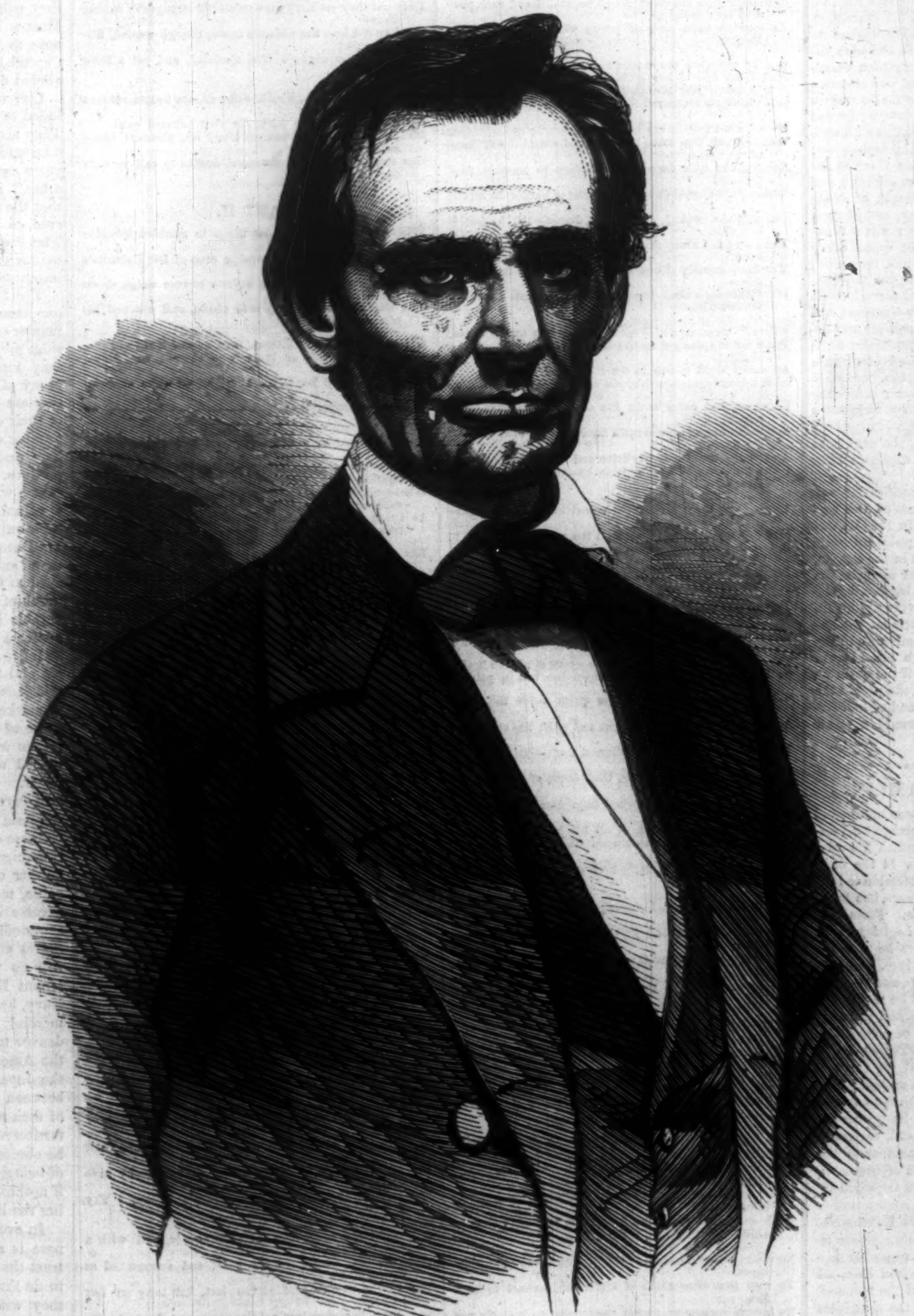
In another speech at Springfield, Illinois, July 17, 1858, he said:

> I nevertheless did not mean to go on the banks of the Ohio and throw missiles into Kentucky, to disturb them in their domestic institutions.

In another speech at Galesburg, October 7, 1858, he said:

> I believe that the right of property in a slave is not distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution.

Mr. Lincoln was comparatively unknown to the



HON. ABRAM LINCOLN, OF ILLINOIS, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

people of this section of the Union until during the past winter, when he made a tour of the Middle and New England States, delivering political stump speeches.

The following is from the *Tribune:*

Abram Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and is now fifty-one years old. He is very probably of the race of the Massachusetts Lincolns, though his parents were of Quaker stock, that migrated from Pennsylvania to Virginia, whence his grandfather removed in 1781-'82 to Kentucky, and was there surprised and killed by Indians while at work on his clearing. Like most pioneers, he left his family poor; and his son also died prematurely, leaving a widow and several children, including Abram, then six years old. The family removed soon after to Southern Indiana, where Abram grew to the stature of six feet and some inches, but enjoyed scarcely better opportunities for instruction than in Kentucky. Probably six months in all of the rudest sort of schooling comprehends the whole of his technical education. He was in turn a farm laborer, a common workman in a saw-mill, and a boatman on the Wabash and Mississippi rivers. Thus hard work and plenty of it, the rugged experiences of aspiring poverty, the wild sports and rude games of a newly and thinly peopled forest region—the education born of the log-cabin, the rifle, the axe, and the plow, combined with the reflections of an original and vigorous mind, eager in the pursuit of knowledge by every available means, and developing a character of equal resource and firmness—made him the man he has since proved himself.

At twenty-one he pushed further west into Illinois, which has for the last thirty years been his home, living always near and, for some years past, in Springfield, the State capital. He worked on a farm as hired man his first year in Illinois; the next year he was a clerk in a store; then volunteered for the Black Hawk war, and was chosen a captain by his company; the next year he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Legislature; he was chosen the next, and served four sessions with eminent usefulness and steadily increasing reputation; studied law, meantime, and took his place at the bar; was early recognized as a most effective and convincing advocate before the People of Whig principles and the Protective policy, and of their illustrious embodiment, Henry Clay; was a Whig candidate for Elector in nearly or quite every Presidential contest from 1836 to 1852, inclusive; was chosen to the XXXth Congress from the Central District of Illinois in 1846, and served to its close, but was not a candidate for re-election; and in 1849 measurably withdrew from politics and devoted himself to the practice of his profession until the Nebraska Iniquity of 1854 called him again into the political arena. He was the candidate of the Whigs for United States Senator before the Legislature chosen that year; but they were not a majority of the body; so he declined, and urged his friends to support Judge Trumbull, the candidate of the anti-Nebraska Democrats, who was thus elected.

In the gallant and memorable Presidential contest of 1856 Mr. Lincoln's name headed the Frémont Electoral Ticket of Illinois. In 1858 he was unanimously designated by the Republican State Convention to succeed Mr. Douglas in the Senate, and thereupon canvassed the State against Mr. Douglas with an ability in which logic, art, eloquence, and thorough good-nature were alike conspicuous, and which gave him a national reputation. Mr. Douglas secured a predominance in the Legislature and was elected, though Mr. Lincoln had the larger popular vote, so that if the question had been decided by the majority of the people the champion of Squatter Sovereignty and of indifference as regards slavery extension would not now be a Senator from Illinois.

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, who was nominated by the Republican Convention at Chicago for Vice-President, was born in Paris, Oxford County, Maine, in August, 1809, and is now in the fifty-first year of his age. He is by profession a lawyer, but for the last twenty-four years has been, for much of the time, in political life. From 1836 to 1840 he was a member of the Legislature of Maine, and for three of those years he was the Speaker of its House of Representatives. In 1843 he was elected a member of Congress, and re-elected for the following term. In 1847 he was again a member of the State Legislature; and the next year was chosen to fill a vacancy, occasioned by the death of John Fairfield, in the United States Senate. In 1851 he was re-elected for the full term in the same body, but resigned on being chosen Governor of Maine in 1857. In the same month he was again elected to the United States Senate for six years, which office he accepted, resigning the Governorship. He is still a member of the Senate. This record is an evidence of the confidence with which he has always been regarded by his fellow-citizens in Maine.

Up to the time of the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, in 1854, Mr. Hamlin was a member of the Democratic party. That act he regarded as a proof that the party, with which he had been all his life connected, no longer deserved the name of Democratic, and was treacherous to the principles he had so long cherished. Thenceforward he gave his support to the Republican party, of which he has ever since continued a faithful and distinguished leader.

THE "GOLDEN BEE."

PART I.

Laden with precious merchandise, the growth of Chinese soil,
And costly work of Chinese hands, the patient wealth of toil,
Over the wave with outspread sails, like white-winged bird at sea,
Swiftly, gayly, homeward bound, sped on the *Golden Bee.*

Stored with such peachy-textured silks as shimmer in the sun,
With countless rainbow-tinted gleams and never keep to one—
Silks to burnish Beauty's self with a new resplendent ray,
Silks an English queen might wear on her coronation day.

She had chests of fragrant tea-leaves to make social household boards,
Or to be the one sweet luxury of widows' scanty hoards;
With grotesque and dainty ivories, carved by coarse-grained hands,
For idle money-spenders in rich European lands.

Cloudless the sky—fresh blew the breeze—the Captain's heart was light,
As on the deck he lingered late and watched the coming night;
If sweet the journey homeward from an unpropitious sail,
'Tis sweeter still where Fortune smiles in port and sea and gale.

Blithe was the Captain's gallant heart, for things had prospered well,
Soon should he reach his home on shore with much good news to tell:
Good news for his Parsee merchants, and for the fair young wife,
Whose sweet affection made the joy and beauty of his life.

Soon should he kiss his bonnie boy, and hold him on his knee,
Awhile he'd listen eager-eyed to stories of the sea;
Soon should he kiss his latest-born, and then the Captain smiled,
Smiled father-like to think of *her*, his little unseen child.

A tear ran down his sunburnt cheek, a mild joy lit his eye—
So sweet were thoughts of love and home—so near they seemed to lie;
While through his great, rough heart diffused such pure and soft delight,
As like an even song of praise went up to heaven's height.

One by one upon the waves twinkled every rising star,
And Dian trailed her golden hair over the deep afar;
While lonely o'er the vastness of that solitary sea,
Glided, as on feathered feet, the good ship *Golden Bee.*

Hark! what terrific cry was that of horror and affright,
Which broke like some tempestuous sound the stillness of the night,
Rousing the crew from rest and sleep to tremble with dismay,
Waking the Captain's sunny dreams of harbor far away?

Oh, Captain, wake! 'Tis but a dream—the harbor is not won,
Thou dost not clasp thy Mary's hand, or kiss thy little son;
Thy baby sweetly sleeps ashore—that shore is far from thee—
Oh, Captain, wake! for none but God can save thy *Golden Bee.*

"Fire!" 'twas an awful sound to hear on solitary seas,
With double danger in the breath of every fresh'ning breeze;
An awful sight it was to see the vessel all alight,
As if a blazing meteor dropped into the darksome night.

Foremost and calm amid his crew the Captain gave command,
Nor backward in a moment's need to help with skillful hand,
Awhile the courage in his voice and firmness on his brow
Imparted strength and hope to hearts which ne'er had drooped till now.

Three days, three nights, the vessel burned; oh, Heavens! 'twas strange to be
Mid fire unquenchable with all the waters of the sea!
But neither skill nor strength availed: the fatal breezes blew,
Death and destruction, fiery-winged, threatened the gallant crew.

And all was lost. Those gorgeous silks would sweep no palace now,
Those ivory fans would never feign a breeze to beauty's brow;
The aromatic leaf could soothe no weary student's brain,
Or freshen lips in fever heats upon the bed of pain.

"Get out the boat!" with firm quick voice the short command was said,
And no man spoke, but straight and swift the order was obeyed;
Then one by one the crew stepped forth—but all looked back with tears,
Upon the bonnie *Golden Bee*, their home of many years.

But first the Captain snatched from flame, and pressed within his breast,
A relic of departed days, of all his heart loved best:
A little Prayer-book, well-worn now, a gift in early life,
Sweet token from his early love ere yet he called her wife.

And quick as falls a lightning shaft, when thunder is behind,
A thousand recollected joys flashed o'er his troubled mind;
Of happy, happy courtship days, and later, still more sweet,
The tranquil joys of married life, the sound of baby feet.

Amid a death-like silentness of breeze and sky and sea,
Beneath a burning noonday sun they left the *Golden Bee;*
And when they saw the blackened wreck totter amid the foam,
Each sailor breathed a prayer to God, and thought of wife and home.

Then out upon a lonely sea, six hundred miles from land,
The solitary boat sailed forth with that courageous band;
Sailed forth as drifts a withered leaf upon the surging tide,
With only hope to be their strength, and only God as guide.

No white sail specked the arid sky, no cloud or shadow came
To cool that blue abyss of air which seemed to be a flame;
No breeze sprang up to aid their oars, no friendly ray of light,
Of moon or star, shone out to guide their dreary path at night.

Oh! God, it was a fearful thing to float and drift away,
Upon so wide a wilderness, day after weary day,
With meagre store of food and drink which, ere two days had rolled,
They measured out as never yet a miser did his gold.

"Oh, Captain!" cried a sailor boy, "I ran away from sea,
And well I know my mother's heart has sorely grieved for me;
Will some one take my parting love?—I shall not reach the shore."
And then he smiled a saintly smile, nor smiled nor spoke no more.

Then tenderly, with bare brown hands, his comrades did prepare
An humble shroud, and wrapp'd him in with more than woman's care.
And all stood up and bared their heads, awhile the Captain read
The Church of England's requiem over its ransomed dead.

The red sun dipp'd into the sea, and lit the west afar,
The crimson clouds paled one by one, beneath the evening star;
A calm of even-tide enwrapp'd both breeze and sky and wave,
When in God's great cathedral vault the sailor found a grave.

They wept no more—but, silent, stood and watched the placid deep;
Thinking with wistful hearts of him who slept such blessed sleep.
And one—a gaunt and giant man—sent forth a bitter cry,
And clenched his hand, and shrieked aloud, "Oh, master, let us die!"

Oh, let us die! The words rang forth through the sweet summer air,
As if a mad and tortured soul breathed out its last wild prayer.
They sounded far athwart the sea, and up into the sky,
Till even silence seemed to make the echo, "Let us die!"

Then rose the Captain, sternly sad, and where the sun had set,
He waved one hand, and cried, in tones which could command them yet:
"Oh, comrades! will you see *His* works, and doubt that he can still
Save e'en in the eleventh hour, if such should be His will?

"Oh, while there's life despair not! Have we mothers, children, wives?
Does not *their* memory give us all the strength of double lives?
Mind ye not how the widow's cruse, though wasted, filled again?
We've yet the widow's God o'erhead, and yet a little grain.

"Oh! tender wives, who live for us, our hearts consent to take
A little hope, a little faith, for your beloved sake.
Oh! children of our dearest love! oh, pleasant home ashore!
Our souls can brave a thousand deaths to call ye ours once more!"

PART II.

Where palaces of merchant kings in marbled splendor rise—
And gleam beneath the burning blue of fair Calcutta's skies—
Where orange groves and myrtle bowers weigh down the sultry air,
The Captain's fair young wife abode, and watched his coming there.

She never heard the billows roar, or saw a ship at sea,
Without a thought of those who steered the bonnie *Golden Bee:*
She never kissed her babes at night, or woke at dawn of day,
Without a prayer that God would speed her sailor on his way.

One night rose up a fierce monsoon, and with a sudden roar,
Startled the waves from twilight rest, and dashed against the shore;
Where all night long they shrieked and wailed, and sobbing sunk to sleep,
As dying groans of shipwrecked men fade on the silent deep.

The Captain's babes serenely slept, and through the tempest smiled,
As sweet forget-me-nots bloom fair amid an Alpine wild;
The mother, weeping, clasped her hands, and, pacing to and fro,
Prayed, with a white-faced misery, in murmurs faint and low.

"Oh! husband, art thou safe ashore, or shipwrecked on the sea,
And do the wild waves bring from far thy drowning voice to me?
Oh! father of my sleeping babes, 'tis hard that thou must bear
Dangers unspeakable, which I, thy own wife, may not share.

"O God! who mid ten thousand worlds has fixed thy glorious seat,
And cares for every human heart that worships at thy feet,
Pity my happy, helpless babes—*my* watchful agony,
And guide my husband's precious life in safety back to me."

Days glided by, and brought the time when every ship might be
That one for which her soul was sick of wistfulness to see;
Days grew to weeks, and still she watched, and hoped, and prayed the same,
For the *Golden Bee's* safe advent, which never, never came.

She held her children to her heart, and prayed without a word
(Ofttimes the heart's unspoken prayer by Heaven is soonest heard);
And if they heedless played or slept, the passion of her grief
Would spend itself in wailing tears, which brought her no relief.

Then, as a soft and tranquil day follows a night of rain,
And drooping flowers will feel the sun, and ope their leaves again,
For sweetest sake of feeble babes, no helper by save One,
She learned to lead a widowed life, and say, "Thy will be done."

One night the moon escaped from clouds, and with a pale light gleamed
Over the sea, which felt the glow, and murmured as it dreamed;
Her bright boy cradled at her feet, her baby on her breast,
She sung her evening cradle song, and hushed the pair to rest.

Awhile the elder child still drowsed, and like a dove in June,
Cooed from his little downy nest unto his mother's tune,
A ship that bore a foreign flag rode calmly with the tide,
And dropp'd its anchor in the port, by the fair city's side.

Before the mother's voice had ceased its chanting, fond and sweet,
A distant footstep echoed through the silence of the street;
And when the boy's blue dreamy eyes sought for her face no more,
A shadow flecked the window-panes, and paused without the door.

A shadow of a human form—but oh, so white and wan!
As if the strong vitality of manhood must be gone?
Then came a low breathed, tender voice, it only murmured "Wife!"
And heart to heart the two were clasped, called back to new glad life.

For hours they hardly spoke a word, but shedding blessed tears,
Poured out their prayers of thankfulness to One who always hears;
Those tears fell on their sleeping babes. O children, ye receive
Such pure baptismal rite as Church or Priesthood ere can give.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 26, 1860.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

We devote several of our illustrated pages to the Japanese, who—at the time we write—are in Washington, enjoying the hospitalities of that thriving little town. A large sum of money was voted by Congress to defray the expenses of their reception; and, from all that we hear, the Messrs. Willard have been as successful as they usually are in entertaining them gracefully and hospitably. By-and-by they will be here, and we understand that the Messrs. Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, propose to eclipse their confrères of the Federal Capital by a series of entertainments of unparalleled display and magnificence.

One or two members of Congress have alluded to this "fuss" as a "piece of nonsense." They are the lineal descendants of the people who said that the "fuss" in Boston, eighty odd years ago, about the Tea-duty was "all nonsense," and of the people who shouted aloud that the resistance to the Stamp-act, which ushered in the Revolution, was mere gammon. The fact is, that this Japanese embassy is a matter of the highest national and commercial importance.

The Japanese are the British of Asia. Like our ancestors of the British Isles, they are of insular origin, and full of insular virtues and insular prejudices. They despise foreigners; but they know how to take care of themselves. Many of their customs seem absurd to us; but they are honest in their adoption, and thorough in their observance. Their country produces a number of commodities which would find a sale here, and they consume many articles which we produce. Satisfy them that commercial intercourse with us would be beneficial to them, and a valuable trade will be created. Thus far, their only commercial correspondents have been the Dutch, who have driven hard bargains with them, and impressed them unfavorably with regard to Christian nations. We can undo the mischief that has been done if we produce a favorable impression on our visitors, and commence a trade under proper auspices.

Independently, however, of immediate commercial benefits, the establishment of friendly relations with the Japanese can not fail to be of marked advantage to our Pacific States. The State of Oregon and the future State of Washington will necessarily become intimately connected with their nearest neighbors over the water. Of those neighbors Japan is the one best worth cultivating. The Russians of Northern Asia are more than semi-barbarous, and the Chinese are such a peculiar race, and so entirely foreign to us in every sense of the word, that neither can compare, in respect of neighborly value, to the Japanese. By-and-by there will necessarily grow up an interchange not only of commodities but of men between our Pacific States and the empire of Japan. Our people will go to Japan—our esteemed friend Lieutenant Habersham, late of the United States Navy, has already established a promising commercial house at Yokuhama—and will endeavor to show the Japanese the best side of the American character. On the other hand, the Japanese—if good relations be established between the two countries—will send out some of their people to plant Japanese colonies in our territory. Of this interchange the benefit will be obvious and mutual. Civilized as we boast of being, we can learn much of the Japanese—if nothing more, we can learn the duty of obeying the laws.

In every point of view, the visit of the Japanese is an important event, and we fervently trust that all classes of our people will combine to do them honor. In this city, unfortunately, they will be under charge of our aldermen, who, it is to be feared, will give them a very poor idea of our people. But nothing prevents our leading citizens from paying them private attentions, and we should be glad to hear that our rich and influential men—such as William H. Aspinwall, Moses H. Grinnell, James Gordon Bennett, Charles Hecksber, Thomas Richardson, David D. Field, and others who have fine country places—were prepared to do the honors of the city in a way which should efface any unpleasant remembrance of the grossièretés which may be expected from the O'Tooles, and O'Booles, and O'Gradys, and O'Bradys of the Common Council.

THE MARCH OF FASHION.

Well, Fashion progresses—like the crab or the tortoise; and now we have bonnets (shall we say hats, as they call them in Minnesota?) planned after the models which prevailed in the days of Madame Recamier and graced the court of Napoleon the First. Every bonnet is its own umbrella; and there is room enough between the head-covering and the head for a good sized sign-board stating whether the wearer is wife, widow, or maid, and if either of the two latter, how much money she can call her own. We recommend the suggestion to bonnet-makers. On a pale satin ground, in ornamental characters, the inscription would look remarkably neat.

In Paris they are, as usual, ahead of us. There, hoops have been discarded, and *robes a queue* formally adopted. The merit of this last innovation consists in the unparalleled destruction of material it involves. A lady writes: "Four morning walks render a *robe a queue* a perfect *chiffon*, only fit to be given to one's lady's maid." Stones and pavements have no respect for silks or satins. If the new fashion prevails, we shall have to adopt pages as well; and Mrs. Soiechangeante of Fifth Avenue must have her little Buttons to follow her, train in hand, at every step. This will be all very well in Paris, where none but the rich are fashionable; but here, where every white woman dresses in the height of fashion, what a demand there will be for pages! The market for boys has already an upward tendency.

On the hoop question we have placed our opinions on record. Fashion must prevail, however; and the old style of clinging skirts impends in the future. One thing is not clear. In the days of Napoleon the First ladies were restricted by fashion to a very scant allowance of skirts. Two were, according to Madame D'Abrantes, a fair average; three implied some cardinal defect. What will the dry-goods dealers do if this new fashion be consistent as far as this?

The French artists depict the goddess whom they call *La Mode* revolving in a never-ending, never-changing circle. And so it seems. Our ladies have already got back to the Empire style of bonnets, and are on the verge of adopting the Empire skirts. They will naturally be followed by the men. Top-boots, tight knee-breeches, and monstrous hats, with blue brass-buttoned coats, await us in the future. Let us bow to the decree. Provided we don't come to *aiguillettes*, curled-up toes, and the primitive costumes of the Goddess of Reason, we ought to submit with resignation.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW ALADDIN.

"My Dear Lounger,—I once heard a story of Aladdin which was more Yankee than Arabian. Do you know what I mean, and, if so, would you kindly tell the story?

"Yours, Haroun."

The Lounger believes that this is the story.

Aladdin began by swapping jack-knives and getting the best, and bartering halves of marbles stuck together for whole ones. When he grew older, and sold berries which he picked on the hill-pastures, he greased the bottom of the quart pot, so that a little capital was carried forward to the next measure. He hayed hard all summer, and went to evening school all winter, and learned the golden rule of arithmetic—addition for himself, and subtraction for his neighbor; and, in all the games, he held strictly to the rule of Turnabout: "You tickle me, and I'll tickle you, if I can; but at all events you tickle me."

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain; which meant, that he could always succeed in exchanging the worse for the better—always keeping the blind eye of a horse to the wall when he wanted to sell him, and always looking straight at it when he wanted to buy him; and the approving village shook its head, and said: "Let Aladdin alone to succeed."

He grew up, and left the village for the world. "He'll be rich!" said the village, with more enthusiasm and envy than any village says of a departing boy, "He'll be honest, faithful, generous." To Aladdin the whole world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no beauty, no heroism, no piety, no history. To him all lands and waters are alike, for each is unhallowed by association. No Homer sings for him along the Ægean—he only curses the wind that will not blow him to Odessa. No sirens call to him from the sunny shore; he loves the sharp oath of a brutal boatswain.

With a Bible in his hand and a quid in his mouth he squirts about the holy places in Jerusalem, and calculates the cost of the sepulchre. He scratches his name with a jack-knife upon Egyptian obelisks by the side of the hieroglyphed names of Rameses and Thothmes—names that shook early history with their grandeur; and the reverend echoes of the Libyan desert, that have slept since they heard the shout of Alexander's army marching to find the oracle of Ammon, are awakened by the shrill whistling of Yankee Doodle and Dan Tucker.

He insults the Grand Lama—he hobnobs with the Great Mogul—he turns his back upon Emperors, and takes a pinch out of the Pope's snuff-box. He eats flesh cut raw from the living animal with Dinkas and Abyssinians, chews bang with the Arabs, smokes opium with the Turks, and rides for a bride with the Calmuck Tartars.

Then Aladdin comes home. He has turned his goods and his opportunities over and over again, and they are all changed into piles of money. The wise village welcomes him, and proudly points him out to the Aladdins of a younger generation as the shining example of the successful man—"For, my dear son, just think of it! He began with nothing, and now look!"

My dear son does look, and he sees Aladdin owning millions of dollars, and of all the Doing-good societies of which he is not president he is director. His name is as good as gold. He has bought pictures and books and statues. He has also bought a Mrs. Aladdin. He is housed in luxury, but he pricks his mouth with the silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he boasts that he never reads any thing but the newspapers. He goes to church twice on Sundays, and only wakes up when the preacher reviles and denounces the sinners of Sodom and those tough old Jews of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny with all the sermons that have hit it and glanced off. He clasps his hands in prayer, but forgets to open them when the poor-box is passed round; and he goes home, like a similarly successful man, thanking God that he is not as other men are, and after dinner lights a cigar, sits before the fire in the easy-chair, and tells the children to remember that honesty is the best policy, and looks sleepily at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By-and-by old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are called over by the editors as the mourning carriages are called out by the undertakers. The papers regret that they are summoned to deplore the loss of the revered parent, generous friend, public-spirited citizen, and pious man. Then the precocious swapper of jack-knives and model for the rising generation is left under the sod. The stars that he never saw now burn over him with a soft lustre that no lamps above a king's tomb emulate; and the south wind, for whose breath upon his hot brow he was never grateful, now strews his last bed with anemones and violets, which his heel crushed in living. And the men who are to be formed upon that model and pursue a similar success, carelessly ask, as they stir their toddies, "So old Aladdin is gone at last; will he cut up well?" The sculptor carves a cherub upon his tombstone and graves the motto: "By their works ye shall know them," while some quiet Charles Lamb, with insanity in the family, asks, as he puts aside the long grass, and reads Aladdin's epitaph, "Where be all the bad people buried?"

GODWIN'S FRANCE.

A few weeks since the Lounger spoke of the first volume of Parke Godwin's History of France, as nearly ready. It has since been published; and no reader will deny that the expectation of his friends and the public has been entirely fulfilled. It is a work which at once takes rank with our best histories and secures the literary position of its author, while its successful commencement, under circumstances which can not be known by the world of readers, is a triumph of the private energy and ambition which furnish the best credentials for the character of the work. The composition of great historical works requires conditions of leisure which our own historians and the more famous ones abroad have commanded. But to plan and execute a history of the completest proportions with detailed fidelity, picturesqueness, and vigor, is the proof of qualities in the historian that are very sure to command success as well as to deserve it.

The first volume of this history includes, of course, the obscurest portion of the whole. As treated by Mr. Godwin, it comprises a clear and succinct account of the geography of Gaul and of its earliest races and tribes. It advances to the Roman conquest under Julius Cæsar, who is sketched with masterly power, and moves through the pages with living majesty. The historian's admiration of the great General is fully justified by his story of his career. The subsequent state of the country, as subject to Rome in its imperial decline, leads to a condensed, graphic, and comprehensive picture of Rome under the emperors, and a delightful and subtle analysis of the rising influence of Christianity as a historical power; with brief, but pregnant and satisfactory glimpses of its preachers, its romance, and its progress. Still advancing, we reach the reign of Constantine, whose relations to the new religion are most clearly and justly treated; while the troubles of the eastern and western empire, the Gallic revolts, and the German invasions, pass in most animated passages before the mind. The rise of the temporal power of the Papacy—a question at the present moment of universal interest—is traced and described clearly and copiously; while Charles Martel emerges, kingly and victorious, from the cloud of Gallic confusion, saves the western coast of Europe from the Saracens, founds an imperial dynasty, dies in the plenitude of power; and, after some delay, that magnificent figure of medieval romance and story, Charlemagne—or, as Godwin, following the later scholars, chooses to call him, Karl the Great—stalks upon the scene. At his coming the clear, continuous light of history breaks in; and the volume closes with the dissolution of the enormous empire of the Franks, which Karl had governed for forty-seven years. "'No one can tell,' says a monk, 'the mourning and sorrow that his death occasioned every where, so that even the Pagans wept him as the Father of the World.' Well might the world have wept, for the bravest and noblest soul that it then knew was gone from it forever."—(P. 475.)

It is impossible not to acknowledge the very great skill with which Mr. Godwin has managed his material; the full advantage he has taken of every proper point for picturesque description; and the general symmetry, vigor, and interest of his work. A peculiar raciness of style, which is very different from the rhetoric of historical composition, is a perpetual charm in his pages; while the fullness and precision of the notes attest the patient and conscientious care with which he has wrought out each detail. He has the satisfaction of knowing that the least interesting part of his task is accomplished—that with every succeeding epoch of his narration public attention will be more and more excited. He has the far deeper satisfaction of knowing that, in contributing a classic work to the literature of his time and country, he has given that country another light upon the "dim and perilous way" which all nations travel, and has built a lasting monument for his own name.

G. P. R. JAMES.

We have all had our little joke at James and his tireless horsemen; but we have also all read too many of his pleasant stories with interest not to be pained to hear of his illness. A letter from Vienna states that about a month since Mr. James had an attack of paralysis at Venice, where he is Consul-General.

Such an event may be regarded as the public termination of a literary career which is probably unparalleled in fertility. James's original works amount to nearly eighty, in more than one hundred and ninety volumes; while his miscellaneous stories and papers might easily fill eight or ten volumes more. Yet he is not an old man, having been born in 1801. It is an interesting fact that Washington Irving was the indirect means of the production of this mass of novels, which have so pleased the public; for it is stated, in the most recent biographical sketch of James (American Cyclopedia), that in 1822 he was strongly urged by Irving to attempt some important work, and he wrote the Life of Edward the Black Prince. James's earlier novels still hold a place, and his "Richelieu" is more than a quarter of a century old.

His resolute industry as an author has succeeded in giving him a position and prominence which genius has often failed to give. He is the father of the historical novel for the million, without any of the peculiar humor, vivacity, and sincere antiquarian passion which constitute the excellence of Scott's historic fiction. But no story-teller who has amused so large an audience for so long a time has any reason to be dissatisfied. James has seen younger men arise around him and pass on before him, but he has cheerfully held his own way, uninfluenced by the novel tendencies of his companions. If his hand rests now from its labors, there will be many a heart unknown to him sorry to learn it, and many a hearty hope that the stroke, which probably terminates his literary activity, may still leave him cheerfulness and comparative health, and quiet years in the circle of his friends and family.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Excommunication under Difficulties.—The following notice has been extensively posted in Paris: "Bull-stickers Beware."

LATE FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Minnie.—"I'm reading such a pretty tale."

Governess.—"You must say narrative, Minnie—not tale!"

Minnie.—"Yes, ma'am; and do just look at Muff, how he's wagging his narrative!"

In a country town in Massachusetts, many years ago, lived a man known as Uncle Zeke Cushing. He had a neighbor, Tower, whom he hated most religiously, for the simple reason that Tower had killed his favorite ram. Tower died; but not so Cushing's wrath. At the funeral he looked upon the corpse, and turned away, gritting his teeth, saying, "*Kill my ram, will you?*"

A few weeks ago, as the passengers on board the steamer *Perry*, during her passage from Newport to Providence, were quietly sitting around the stove in her forward cabin, one among them, a lover of "Euchre," proposed to his fellow-travelers to "make a set" and have a game. The number required, lacking one, was obtained, and now the proposer was "posed." They all concluded to wait the arrival of the next comer before proceeding with the game. Soon a finely dressed individual made his appearance through the cabin-door and took a seat, pulled out a newspaper, and, without taking notice of any one, became interested in the sheet before him. The persevering card-player cautiously approached the new arrival, and tapping him on the shoulder, politely invites him to take a hand. "I would," was the cool and quiet reply, "but I am an Episcopal clergyman, and think my flock would make serious objections." Euchre "shuffled" and cut, finding that he had "turned" an unusual "trump."

A Tavern Sign.—"My dear," said an affectionate husband, "you are good at contriving things; I wish you would contrive some suitable design to paint on the sign of our new tavern." "I'll do no such thing; I don't like your going to tavern-keeping. It's a dirty business, and the temperance men are making such a fuss about it that it will soon come to nothing." "There is no use talking, for my mind is made up. I've got a license and paid for it, and must use it. I want something neat and appropriate to paint on the sign." "Well, I'll tell you what. Make a big horn, and paint yourself crawling out of the *little end* of it."

CHARADE.

My first, Prometheus-like, from heaven,
 Has drawn inspiring fire;
But not, Prometheus-like, condemned
 To feed the vulture dire;
Has often roused the warrior's soul,
 Or kindled soft desire;
Has calmed to peace the beating heart,
 Or raised its pulses higher.

My second is in season with
 The yellow harvest sheaves,
And blooms in brilliant azure hues
 When waning summer grieves;
When hoary frost is seen at morn,
 And autumn sheds her leaves,
Claims kindred with the evening star,
 And kindred name receives.

My whole—oh mention not my whole!
 Despised, if not accursed;
A feeble, puny, useless thing,
 That seeks to ape my first.

The following epitaph was left by Dr. Dodge, of Maine, with directions that it should be inscribed on his tombstone. His relatives did not put it there, although they felt with him that it was singularly appropriate:

"Here lies Old Dodge, who dodged all good,
 But never dodged the evil;
He dodged his best, but all he could,
 He could not dodge the devil."

In an altered form it has found its way into print before as a *fancy* epitaph. But the truth of the case is as I have stated.

PUNCH ON THE UNION BANK DEFALCATION.

THE NEW ROGUE'S MARCH.

Air—"*See the Conquering Hero Comes.*"

Ope thy gate, O Newgate, let a new Rogue in,
Big as e'er went through gate—one of Redpath's kin;
For the great offender gape, thou prison door,
Here, in pomp and splendor, comes one Scoundrel more.

Robbing his employers, is this Rascal's crime—
Famous case for lawyers, villainy sublime;
Theft, imagination, whose amount astounds,
Near, by computation, three hundred thousand pounds!

After gain he lusted, lured by gain alone,
He was greatly trusted—better far than known;
How those men were dozing passes all belief,
Confidence reposing in so grand a thief.

Hide, you knaves inferior, your diminished heads,
Bow to your superior—kiss the ground he treads.
What are you before him, frisking tills and clies?
Grovel and adore him, prigs of smaller size.

Blush for your offenses, burglars at the crank,
Thinking how immense his pillage of the Bank;
Shamed by his large plunder, convicts of the Road,
Trip the treadmill under guilt of lighter load.

Felons, hail your greater; trumpets sound, and drums
Beat before the traitor; lo, he comes, he comes!
Glorious music make him, *Rogue's March*, noble air,
Take ye then, oh, take him, turnkeys, to your care!

In one of the prettiest and most enlightened towns of the Prairie State the children were assembled one Sabbath afternoon, as was their monthly wont, for a Union Sunday-school Concert. A newly arrived clergyman being present, was courteously invited to address them. He explained the parable of the Prodigal Son. Seizing fancy's pencil he gave his hearers a graphic picture of the old gentleman's circumstances immediately previous to the arrival, in this manner: "Paint to yourselves, my brethren, a pleasant cottage, before which is spread a grassy lawn. The sun has not yet sunk to rest beneath the western horizon. There, in his easy-chair, before the door, sits the aged father *reading the papers!*" Your informant momentarily expected the additional announcement that he had just received a telegraphic dispatch that his son would be in by the next train.

"Newsom's whisky" enjoys a reputation in these parts not inferior to the celebrated "Bourbon County" of our neighboring State, and all of our drinking saloons are amply provided with the "pure article." A few days since a dilapidated specimen of gentility stepped into a fashionable establishment on the corner of "Rue de Deadrick," and called for "whisky straight," which was straightway tossed before him, with the usual ice and water. Helping himself to at least "five fingers," he gulped it down, and smacking his lips commendingly, inquired, "whose whisky is that?" "Newsom's," was the prompt reply. "Well, tell Mr. Newsom *I will pay him for it the first time I see him*"—with that he waved himself out, with a hurried business air, leaving the quick-witted bar-keeper one "wrinkle" wiser.

SEASONABLE CONVERSATION.

Robustus Jones. Invalidus Smith.

Jones (*cheerily*). "Ah, Smith, how de do? All right, eh, old fellow?"

Smith (*dismally*). "Oh, dolt ask be how I do! This ilferial East willd—ah, tishu!—is half killilg be."

Jones. "Killing you! pooh, nonsense. Why, what on earth's the matter with you?"

Smith. "Batter! by dear frield! I've a huldred thilgs the balter with be. *Ilpribus*, Joles, I'b sufferilg frob a violelt—ah, tishu!—a violelt cold il by head. I cal't see out of by eyes, ald—ald—ah, tishu!—pol by word. I keep ol sleezilg so, I sool shall sleeze by lose off! Ald thel I've such a bad sore throat, ildeed I'b lot quite sure it's lot diphtheria. Boreover I've the toothache, ald—ah—I ibagile it's tic doloureux. Ald if I havel't asthba (which I rather thilk I have) I'b certail I've brolchitis, ald a touch of ilfluelza, not to beltiol craips ald rheubatisb il all by joilts ald boles."

Jones. "Influenza, cramps, bronchitis, sore throat, asthma, toothache, rheumatism! Come, I say, Smith, you're joking. You don't mean to say seriously you've got all these horrid things?"

Smith. "Dolt beal it? oh, dolt I! Oly wish you had eb: you wouldl't thilk be jokilg. It's lo joke, I cal tell you, haviig aches il all ole's libs, ald—ah, ah, tishu!—sleezilg every bilute as I 've beel doilg day ald dight for pretty dear a bulth! Ald it's all—ah, tishu!—owilg to this abobidable East willd."

Jones. "Well, for my part, I consider it fine healthy bracing weather. You should read what Kingsley says about our brave Nor' Easters, and how they breed brave men!"

Smith. "Kilgsley! I dolt care what Kilgsley says. He cal't ulderstald by feelilgs. I'b dot a bit like hib. He's a—a, tishu!—he's a Buscular Christial, ald I—ah, ah, tishu!—ald you low I ailt! Ald I say the willd 's abobidable."

Jones. "There's nothing to complain of, that I see, in the weather. It's what we always get at this time of the year. 'Come gentle Spring,' you know, 'Ethereal mildness,' and the rest of it."

Smith. "Bildless! precious bildless this, with the therbobeter at freezilg poilt! If fact ol Buldayborliig it was dowl to twelty lile: I bade a beboraldul of it il by journal. Dever was such weather. I—ah, tishu!—thilk it's the bost wiltry Sprilg I ever lew. If it wasl't for the Albalack we bight falcy it was Christbas. Dot a leaf out yet, ald here we're ilto Bay! Ald thel this, this—ah, tishu! this East wi'd—"

Jones. "Now, why keep grumbling at the wind? After all, it's only seasonable."

Smith. "Seasolable!—ah, tishu! you ought to call it *sleezilable!* I'b sure that I've dole dothilg but—a tishu!—sleeze il it."

Jones. "Ha, ha! not so bad. Come, I see you're not *quite* dead yet. Now, just trot home with me, and let me prescribe for you. We've a nice fresh bit of salmon and some lamb chops and asparagus—just the very things, you know, to suit an invalid. Take the wing of a spring chicken and a crumb of cheese to follow, and I'll bet ten to one you'll be the better for your dinner."

Smith. "Diller! by dear Joles! It's lo good by goilg to diller. I cal't taste a thilg I eat, and whatever wile I drilk I cal deither taste lor sbell it."

Jones. "Well, if you won't (*shakes hands*), good-by. But I should recommend the salmon. And (*whispers*) I've a bottle of old Burgundy that I want to have your judgment on."

Smith (*who has his ears open, notwithstanding his bad cold*). "Well, I dol't bild just walking hobe with you, for your house certailly is dearest, ald I'b pretty sure it's cubbing ol to slow agail. So I'll just cub il ald shelter for tel bidutes if you'll let be. But as for eatilg Salbol, by dear Joles, I darel't thilk of it. Ald (*speaking much less dismally*) pray dol't thilk of askilg be to taste your file ole Burguldy. Bed'cile is the oly thilg that I must drilk at preselt!"

[*Exeunt arm in arm. And Smith soon gets so jolly with the Salmon and the Burgundy, that he soon forgets his ailments and infirmities, and as for the East wind, he vows he "doesl't care a buddol for it!"*

The Wife's helping Hand.—At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance as when he wants a button to be sewn on his shirt-collar!

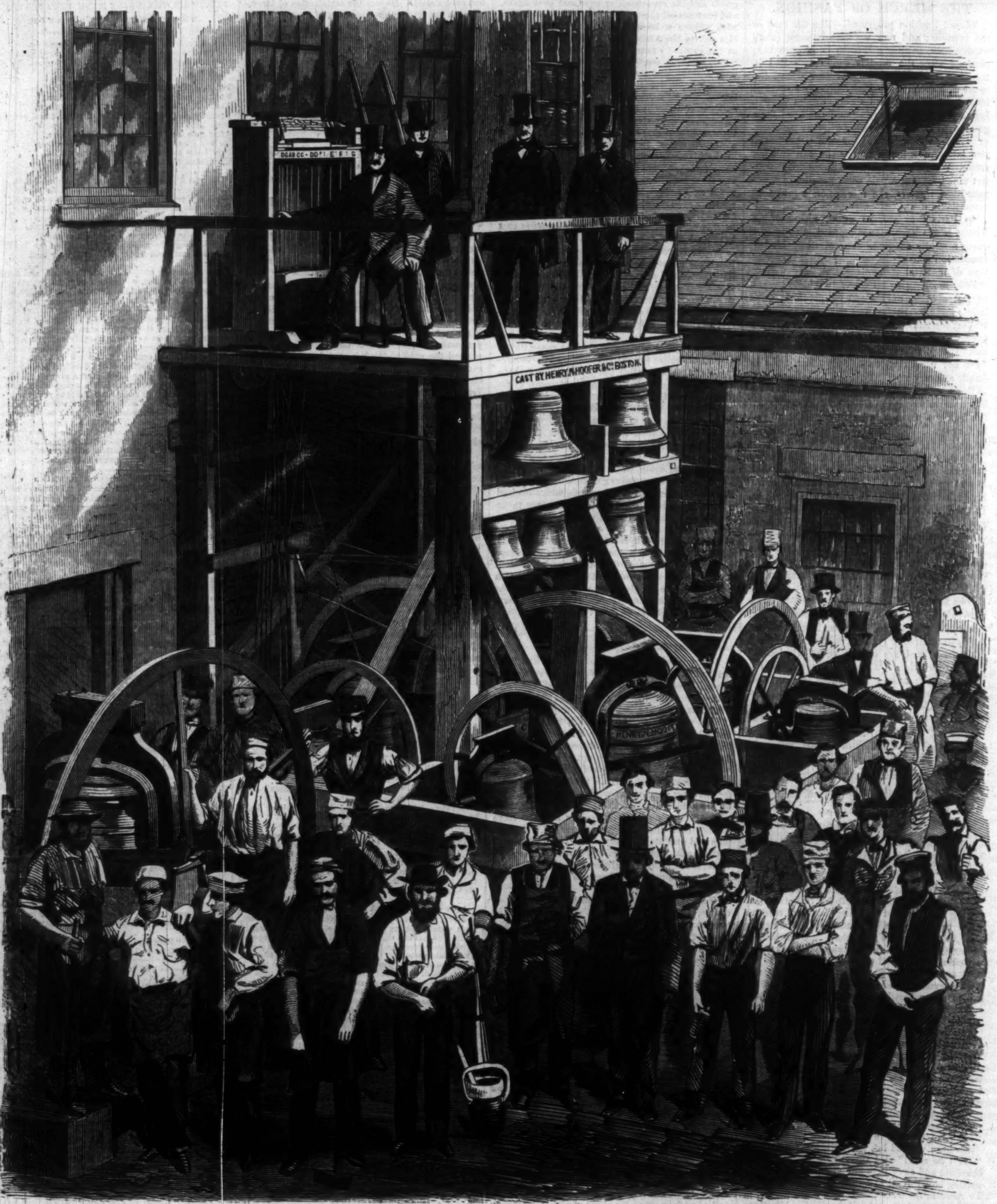
Motto for a Penny-a-Liner.—"*Nulla dies sine lineâ!*"

SCENE AT A FRENCH CAFE.

Snob.—"*Garsong? Haver-vous les hœufs?*"

Garcon.—"*Hein?*"

Snob.—"*Hein!* Can't the fellar speak his own language!"


CAST BY HENRY N. HOOPER & Co. BOSTON.
HENRY N. HOOPER

CHIME OF THIRTEEN BELLS FOR CHRIST CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. HENRY N. HOOPER & CO., OF BOSTON.

CHIME OF CHURCH-BELLS.

WE publish above a faithful picture of a chime of bells from a photograph by Black & Batchelder, of Boston, Massachusetts. This chime of bells was cast by Messrs. Henry N. Hooper & Co., at their foundry in Boston, for Christ Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts. As the drawing indicates, the chime is composed of thirteen bells. In consequence of the size of the belfry, the space occupied does not admit of the bells being shown to advantage. The photograph was taken in the foundry yard, and the group of men are the operatives in the establishment.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BELLS.

1st, on the key of D	...............weighs	3108 pounds.
2d, on the key of E	...............weighs	2187 pounds.
3d, on the key of F sharp	.........weighs	1623 pounds.
4th, on the key of G	...............weighs	1381 pounds.
5th, on the key of A	...............weighs	969 pounds.
6th, on the key of B	...............weighs	658 pounds.
7th, on the key of C	...............weighs	614 pounds.
8th, on the key of C sharp	........weighs	517 pounds.
9th, on the key of D	...............weighs	427 pounds.
10th, on the key of D sharp	.......weighs	367 pounds.
11th, on the key of E	...............weighs	282 pounds.
12th, on the key of F sharp	........weighs	228 pounds.
13th, on the key of G	...............weighs	200 pounds.

The bells have been accurately tuned under the direction of Mr. Henry P. Munroe, of Cambridge, a gentleman who has devoted much time to the study of acoustics, and whose discrimination in musical tone is very acute. Eight of these bells, running in the scale from D to D, are hung for round ringing; the five upper ones are fitted for chiming only; and when properly handled, either in round ringing or chiming, will produce a beautiful effect.

HANGING THE BELLS.

The mode adopted for hanging is different from that of any other chime of bells—it being similar to that adopted by Hooper & Co. in 1837 for single bells, which has been thoroughly proved to be every thing to be desired, and for economy, simplicity, and durability it is believed to surpass all other styles of hanging used in Europe or this country.

COMPOSITION OF METALS.

Messrs. Hooper & Co. have been eminently successful in the combinations of the metals used in their bells, insuring that homogeneous character so essential for producing evenness of tone, freedom of vibration, and strength of cohesion. This last-named quality is fully demonstrated by the fact that the breakage of church-bells cast by them for the last thirty years has been but four one hundredths of one per cent.—a degree of durability hardly supposable considering the severe ordeal to which bells are subjected. The funds for purchasing the Cambridge chime have been raised chiefly by Henry M. Parker, Esq., who has devoted much time to this matter.

The following inscriptions were furnished by Mr. Parker, and are cast upon the bells:

1.

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra
pax, bona voluntas hominibus.

LET THE NAME OF MR. THOMAS DOWSE,
OF CAMBRIDGE, BE REMEMBERED.

✠

"THE LIBERAL MAN DEVISETH LIBERAL THINGS."

✠

2.

Te laudamus, Tibi benedicimus;
Te adoramus, Te glorificamus;
Tibi gratias agimus
propter summam gloriam Tuam.

✠

IN MEMORIAM BENEFICIORUM
ILLUSTRISSIMÆ SOCIETATIS ANGLICANÆ DE
PROMOVENDO EVANGELIO, IN PARTIBUS
TRANSMARINIS, INSTITUTÆ.

✠

3.

Domine Deus Rex coeli
Deus Pater Omnipotens.

ECCLESIÆ PRIMÆ EPISCOPALI
CANTABRIGIÆ IN NOV. ANGLIA,
ME LIBERE DONAVIT
EDVARDUS CAHILL,
LONDINIENSIS,
A.D. 1760.
RECAST A.D. 1831.
RECAST IN THE CHIME A.D. 1859.

4.
Domine Fili unigenite
Jesu Christe.

5.
Domine Deus
Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris.

6.
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Miserere nostri.

7.
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Miserere nostri.

8.
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Suscipe orationem nostram.

9.
Qui sedes ad dexteram
Dei Patris
Miserere nostri.

10.
Quoniam Tu solus sanctus,
Tu solus Dominus.

11.
Tu solus, O Christe,
Cum Spiritu
Sancto.

12.
Altissimus in gloria
Dei Patris.

13.
Amen! Amen!

Campanology, or bell-ringing as an art, has received great attention in England, many treatises having been published explanatory of the peals rung, and many persons have become eminent as "discoursers of this majestic music." The ringing of bells commends itself to the athlete as a pleasant exercise; for while it produces pleasurable sounds it develops and strengthens the muscles, and, owing to the erect position maintained by those who are skilled in round ringing, it tends to impart grace and dignity to the figure more than any other exercise. We trust that this is but the commencement of the establishment of correct musical chimes in the country; for we can conceive of no better mode to usher in the Sabbath morn than the pealing of sweet-toned church-bells.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

PART II.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

I.

I OPEN a new page. I advance my narrative by one week.

The history of the interval which I thus pass over must remain unrecorded. My heart turns faint, my mind sinks in darkness and confusion when I think of it. This must not be, if I who write am to guide, as I ought, you who read. This must not be, if the clew that leads through the windings of the Story is to remain, from end to end, untangled in my hands.

A life suddenly changed—its whole purpose created afresh; its hopes and fears, its struggles, its interests, and its sacrifices, all turned at once and forever into a new direction—this is the prospect which now opens before me, like the burst of view from a mountain's top. I left my narrative in the quiet shadow of Limmeridge church: I resume it, one week later, in the stir and turmoil of a London street.

The street is in a populous and a poor neighborhood. The ground-floor of one of the houses in it is occupied by a small newsvendor's shop; and the first floor and the second are let as furnished lodgings of the humblest kind.

I have taken those two floors in an assumed name. On the upper floor I live, with a room to work in, a room to sleep in. On the lower floor, under the same assumed name, two women live, who are described as my sisters. I get my bread by drawing and engraving on wood for the cheap periodicals. My sisters are supposed to help me by taking in a little needle-work. Our poor place of abode, our humble calling, our assumed relationship, and our assumed name, are all used alike as a means of hiding us in the house-forest of London. We are numbered no longer with the people whose lives are open and known. I am an obscure, unnoticed man, without patron or friend to help me. Marian Halcombe is nothing now but my eldest sister, who provides for our household wants by the toil of her own hands. We two are at once the dupes and the agents of a daring imposture. We are the accomplices of mad Anne Catherick, who claims the name, the place, and the living personality of dead Lady Glyde.

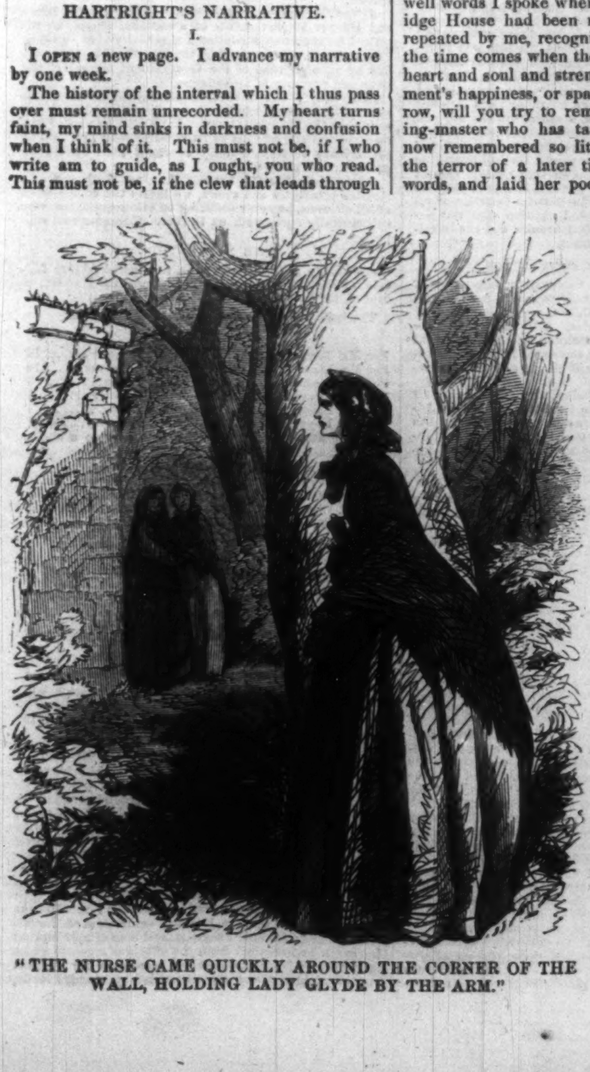
That is our situation. That is the changed aspect in which we three must appear, henceforth, in this narrative, for many and many a page to come.

In the eye of reason and of law, in the estimation of relatives and friends, according to every received formality of civilized society, "Laura, Lady Glyde," lay buried with her mother in Limmeridge church-yard. Torn in her own lifetime from the list of the living, the daughter of Philip Fairlie and the wife of Percival Glyde might still exist for her sister, might still exist for me, but to all the world besides she was dead. Dead to her uncle, who had renounced her; dead to the servants of the house, who had failed to recognize her; dead to the persons in authority, who had transmitted her fortune to her husband and her aunt; dead to my mother and my sister, who believed me to be the dupe of an adventuress and the victim of a fraud; socially, morally, legally—dead.

And yet alive! Alive in poverty and in hiding. Alive, with the poor drawing-master to fight her battle, and to win the way back for her to her place in the world of living beings.

Did no suspicion, excited by my own knowledge of Anne Catherick's resemblance to her, cross my mind when her face was first revealed to me? Not the shadow of a suspicion, from the moment when she lifted her vail by the side of the inscription which recorded her death.

Before the sun of that day had set, before the last glimpse of the home which was closed against her had passed from our view, the farewell words I spoke when we parted at Limmeridge House had been recalled by both of us; repeated by me, recognized by her. "If ever the time comes when the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength will give you a moment's happiness, or spare you a moment's sorrow, will you try to remember the poor drawing-master who has taught you?" She, who now remembered so little of the trouble and the terror of a later time, remembered those words, and laid her poor head innocently and trustingly on the bosom of the man who had spoken them. In that moment, when she called me by my name, when she said, "They have tried to make me forget every thing, Walter; but I remember Marian, and I remember *you*"—in that moment I, who had long since given her my love, gave her my life, and thanked God that it was mine to bestow on her. Yes, the time had come. From thousands on thousands of miles away; through forest and wilderness, where companions stronger than I had fallen by my side; through peril of death thrice renewed and thrice escaped, the Hand that leads men on the dark road to the future had led me to meet that time. Forlorn and disowned, sorely tried and sadly changed; her beauty faded, her mind clouded; robbed of her station in the world, of her place among living creatures, the devotion I had promised, the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength might be laid blamelessly now at those dear feet. In the right of her calamity, in the right of her friendlessness, she was mine at last! Mine to support, to protect, to cherish, to restore. Mine to love and honor as father and brother both. Mine to vindicate through all risks and all sacrifices—through the hopeless struggle against Rank and Power—through the long fight with armed Deceit and fortified Success—through the waste of my reputation—through the loss of my friends—through the hazard of my life.



"THE NURSE CAME QUICKLY AROUND THE CORNER OF THE WALL, HOLDING LADY GLYDE BY THE ARM."

II.

My position is defined; my motives are acknowledged. The story of Marian and the story of Laura must come next.

I shall relate both narratives, not in the words (often interrupted, often inevitably confused) of the speakers themselves, but in the words of the brief, plain, studiously simple abstract which I committed to writing for my own guidance, and for the guidance of my legal adviser. So the tangled web will be most speedily and most intelligibly unrolled.

The story of Marian begins where the narrative of the housekeeper at Blackwater Park left off.

On Lady Glyde's departure from her husband's house, the fact of that departure, and the necessary statement of the circumstances under which it had taken place, were communicated to Miss Halcombe by the housekeeper. It was not till some days afterward (how many days exactly Mrs. Michelson, in the absence of any written memorandum on the subject, could not undertake to say) that a letter arrived from Madame Fosco announcing Lady Glyde's sudden death in Count Fosco's house. The letter avoided mentioning dates, and left it to Mrs. Michelson's discretion to break the news at once to Miss Halcombe, or to defer doing so until that lady's health should be more firmly established.

Having consulted Mr. Dawson (who had been himself delayed, by ill health, in resuming his attendance at Blackwater Park), Mrs. Michelson, by the Doctor's advice and in the Doctor's presence, communicated the news, either on the day when the letter was received or on the day after. It is not necessary to dwell here upon the effect which the intelligence of Lady Glyde's sudden death produced on her sister. It is only useful to the present purpose to say that she was not able to travel for more than three weeks afterward. At the end of that time she proceeded to London, accompanied by the housekeeper. They parted there; Mrs. Michelson previously informing Miss Halcombe of her address, in case they might wish to communicate at a future period.

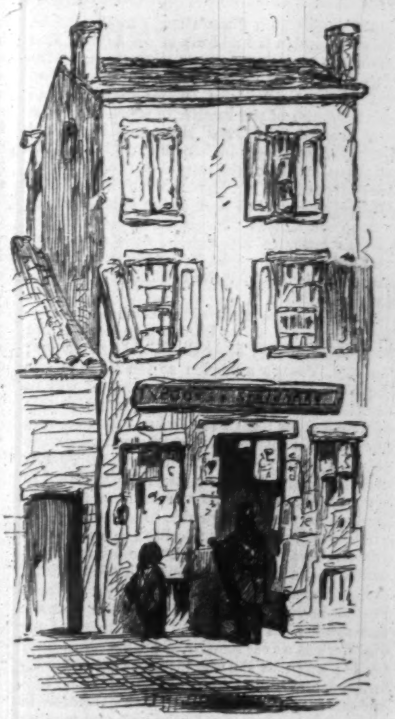
On parting with the housekeeper Miss Halcombe went at once to the office of Messrs. Gilmore and Kyrle to consult with the latter gentleman in Mr. Gilmore's absence. She mentioned to Mr. Kyrle what she had thought it desirable to conceal from every one else (Mrs. Michelson included)—her suspicion of the circumstances under which Lady Glyde was said to have met her death. Mr. Kyrle, who had previously given friendly proof of his anxiety to serve Miss Halcombe, at once undertook to make such inquiries as the delicate and dangerous nature of the investigation proposed to him would permit.

To exhaust this part of the subject before going farther, it may be here mentioned that Count Fosco offered every facility to Mr. Kyrle on that gentleman's stating that he was sent by Miss Halcombe to collect such particulars as had not yet reached her of Lady Glyde's decease. Mr. Kyrle was placed in communication with the medical man, Mr. Goodricke, and with the two servants. In the absence of any means of ascertaining the exact date of Lady Glyde's departure from Blackwater Park, the result of the Doctor's and the servants' evidence, and of the volunteered statements of Count Fosco and his wife, was conclusive to the mind of Mr. Kyrle. He could only assume that the intensity of Miss Halcombe's suffering under the loss of her sister had misled her judgment in a most deplorable manner, and he wrote her word that the shocking suspicion to which she had alluded in his presence, was, in his opinion, destitute of the smallest fragment of foundation in truth. Thus the investigation by Mr. Gilmore's partner began and ended.

Meanwhile, Miss Halcombe had returned to Limmeridge House, and had there collected all the additional information which she was able to obtain.

Mr. Fairlie had received his first intimation of his niece's death from his sister, Madame Fosco; this letter also not containing any exact reference to dates. He had sanctioned his sister's proposal that the deceased lady should be laid in her mother's grave in Limmeridge church-yard. Count Fosco had accompanied the remains to Cumberland, and had attended the funeral at Limmeridge, which took place on the 2d of August. It was followed, as a mark of respect, by all the inhabitants of the village and the neighborhood. On the next day the inscription (originally drawn out, it was said, by the aunt of the deceased lady, and submitted for approval to her brother, Mr. Fairlie) was engraved on one side of the monument over the tomb.

On the day of the funeral, and for one day after it, Count Fosco had been received as a guest at Limmeridge House; but no interview had taken place between Mr. Fairlie and himself by the former gentleman's desire. They had communicated by writing; and through this medium Count Fosco had made Mr. Fairlie acquainted with the details of his niece's last illness and death. The letter presenting this information added no new facts to the facts already known; but one very remarkable paragraph was contained in the postscript. It referred to the woman Anne Catherick.



The substance of the paragraph in question was as follows:

It first informed Mr. Fairlie that Anne Catherick (of whom he might hear full particulars from Miss Halcombe when she reached Limmeridge) had been traced and recovered in the neighborhood of Blackwater Park, and had been, for the second time, placed under the charge of the medical man from whose custody she had once escaped.

This was the first part of the postscript. The second part warned Mr. Fairlie that Anne Catherick's mental malady had been aggravated by her long freedom from control, and that the insane hatred and distrust of Sir Percival Glyde, which had been one of her most marked delusions in former times, still existed, under a newly-acquired form. The unfortunate woman's last idea in connection with Sir Percival was the idea of annoying and distressing him, and of elevating herself, as she supposed, in the estimation of the patients and nurses, by assuming the character of his deceased wife; the scheme of this personation having evidently occurred to her after a stolen interview which she had succeeded in obtaining with Lady Glyde, and at which she had observed the extraordinary accidental likeness between the deceased lady and herself. It was to the last degree improbable that she would succeed a second time in escaping from the Asylum; but it was just possible she might find some means of annoying the late Lady Glyde's relatives with letters; and, in that case, Mr. Fairlie was warned beforehand how to receive them.

The postscript, expressed in these terms, was shown to Miss Halcombe when she arrived at Limmeridge. There were also placed in her possession the clothes Lady Glyde had worn, and the other effects she had brought with her to her aunt's house. They had been carefully collected and sent to Cumberland by Madame Fosco.

Such was the posture of affairs when Miss Halcombe reached Limmeridge in the early part of September. Shortly afterward she was confined to her room by a relapse, her weakened physical energies giving way under the severe mental affliction from which she was now suffering. On getting stronger again, in a month's time, her suspicion of the circumstances described as attending her sister's death still remained unshaken. She had heard nothing in the interim of Sir Percival Glyde; but letters had reached her from Madame Fosco, making the most affectionate inquiries on the part of her husband and herself. Instead of answering these letters, Miss Halcombe caused the house in St. John's Wood, and the proceedings of its inmates, to be privately watched. Nothing doubtful was discovered. The same result attended the next investigations, which were secretly instituted on the subject of Mrs. Rubelle. She had arrived in London, about six months before, with her husband. They had come from Lyons, and they had taken a house in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, to be fitted up as a boarding-house for foreigners, who were expected to visit England in large numbers to see the Exhibition of 1851. Nothing was known against husband or wife in the neighborhood. They were quiet people, and they had paid their way honestly up to the present time. The final inquiries related to Sir Percival Glyde. He was settled in Paris, and living there quietly in a small circle of English and French friends.

Foiled at all points, but still not able to rest, Miss Halcombe next determined to visit the Asylum in which Anne Catherick was for the second time confined. She had felt a strong curiosity about the woman in former days, and she was now doubly interested—first, in ascertaining whether the report of Anne Catherick's attempted personation of Lady Glyde was true; and, secondly (if it proved to be true), in discovering for herself what the poor creature's real motives were for attempting the deceit.

Although Count Fosco's letter to Mr. Fairlie did not mention the address of the Asylum, that important omission cast no difficulties in Miss Halcombe's way. When Mr. Hartright had met Anne Catherick at Limmeridge, she had informed him of the locality in which the house was situated, and Miss Halcombe had noted down the direction in her diary, with all the other particulars of the interview, exactly as she heard them from Mr. Hartright's own lips. Accordingly she looked back at the entry, and extracted the address; furnished herself with the Count's letter to Mr. Fairlie, as a species of credential which might be useful to her; and started by herself for the Asylum on the eleventh of October.

She passed the night of the eleventh in London. It had been her intention to sleep at the house inhabited by Lady Glyde's old governess; but Mrs. Vesey's agitation at the sight of her lost pupil's nearest and dearest friend was so distressing that Miss Halcombe considerately refrained from remaining in her presence, and removed to a respectable boarding-house in the neighborhood, recommended by Mrs. Vesey's married sister. The next day she proceeded to the Asylum, which was situated not far from London, on the northern side of the metropolis.

She was immediately admitted to see the proprietor. At first he appeared to be decidedly unwilling to let her communicate with his patient. But on her showing him the postscript to Count Fosco's letter—on her reminding him that she was the "Miss Halcombe" there referred to; that she was a near relative of the deceased Lady Glyde; and that she was therefore naturally interested, for family reasons, in observing for herself the extent of Anne Catherick's delusion in relation to her late sister—the tone and manner of the owner of the Asylum altered, and he withdrew his objections. He probably felt that a continued refusal, under these circumstances, would not only be an act of discourtesy in itself, but would also imply that the proceedings in his establishment were not of a nature to bear investigation by respectable strangers.

Miss Halcombe's own impression was that the owner of the Asylum had not been received into the confidence of Sir Percival and the Count. His consenting at all to let her visit his patient seemed to afford one proof of this, and his readiness in making admissions which could scarcely have escaped the lips of an accomplice, certainly appeared to furnish another.

For example, in the course of the introductory conversation which took place, he informed Miss Halcombe that Anne Catherick had been brought back to him by Count Fosco on the thirtieth of July; the Count producing a letter of explanations and instructions, signed by Sir Percival Glyde. On receiving his inmate again, he (the proprietor of the Asylum) acknowledged that he had observed some curious personal changes in her. Such changes, no doubt, were not without precedent in his experience of persons mentally afflicted. Insane people were often at one time, outwardly as well as inwardly, unlike what they were at another; the change from better to worse, or from worse to better, in the madness, having a necessary tendency to produce alterations of appearance externally. He allowed for these; and he allowed also for the modification in the form of Anne Catherick's delusion, which was reflected, no doubt, in her manner and expression. But he was still perplexed, at times, by certain differences between his patient before she had escaped and his patient since she had been brought back. Those differences were too minute to be described. He could not say, of course, that she was absolutely altered in height or shape or complexion, or in the color of her hair and eyes, or in the general form of her face: the change was something that he felt more than something that he saw. In short, the case had been a puzzle from the first, and one more perplexity was added to it now.

It can not be said that this conversation led to the result of even partially preparing Miss Halcombe's mind for what was to come. But it produced, nevertheless, a very serious effect upon her. She was so completely unnerved by it, that some little time elapsed before she could summon composure enough to follow the proprietor of the Asylum to that part of the house in which the inmates were confined.

On inquiry, it turned out that Anne Catherick was then taking exercise in the grounds attached to the establishment. One of the nurses volunteered to conduct Miss Halcombe to the place; the proprietor of the Asylum remaining in the house for a few minutes to attend to a case which required his services, and then engaging to join his visitor in the grounds.

The nurse led Miss Halcombe to a distant part of the property which was prettily laid out, and after looking about her a little turned into a turf walk shaded by a shrubbery on either side. About half-way down this walk two women were slowly approaching. The nurse pointed to them, and said, "There is Anne Catherick, ma'am, with the attendant who waits on her. The attendant will answer any questions you wish to put." With those words the nurse left her to return to the duties of the house.

Miss Halcombe advanced on her side and the women advanced on theirs. When they were within a dozen paces of each other, one of the women stopped for an instant, looked eagerly at the strange lady, shook off the nurse's grasp on her, and, the next moment, rushed into Miss Halcombe's arms. In that moment Miss Halcombe recognized her sister—recognized the dead-alive.

Fortunately for the success of the measures taken subsequently, no one witnessed this recognition but the nurse. She was a young woman; and she was so startled by it that she was at first quite incapable of interfering. When she was able to do so, her whole services were required by Miss Halcombe, who had for the moment sunk altogether in the effort to keep her own senses under the shock of the discovery. After waiting a few minutes in the fresh air and the cool shade, her natural energy and courage helped her a little, and she became sufficiently mistress of herself to feel the necessity of recalling her presence of mind for her unfortunate sister's sake.

She obtained permission to speak alone with the patient on condition that they both remained well within the nurse's view. There was no time for questions—there was only time for Miss Halcombe to impress on the unhappy lady the necessity of controlling herself, and to assure her of immediate help and rescue if she did so. The prospect of escaping from the Asylum by obedience to her sister's directions was sufficient to quiet Lady Glyde, and to make her understand what was required of her. Miss Halcombe next returned to the nurse, placed all the gold she then had in her pocket (three sovereigns) in the nurse's hands, and asked when and where she could speak to her alone.

The woman was at first surprised and distrustful. But on Miss Halcombe's declaring that she only wanted to put some questions which she was too much agitated to ask at that moment, and that she had no intention of misleading the nurse into any dereliction of duty, the woman took the money, and proposed three o'clock on the next day as the time for the interview. She might then slip out for half an hour after the patients had dined; and she would meet the lady in a retired place, outside the high north wall which screened the grounds of the house. Miss Halcombe had only time to assent, and to whisper to her sister that she should hear from her on the next day, when the proprietor of the Asylum joined them. He noticed his visitor's agitation, which Miss Halcombe accounted for by saying that her interview with Anne Catherick had a little startled her at first. She took her leave as soon after as possible—that is to say, as soon as she could summon courage to force herself from the presence of her unfortunate sister.

A very little reflection, when the capacity to reflect returned, convinced her that any attempt to identify Lady Glyde and to rescue her by legal means, would, even if successful, involve a delay that might be fatal to her sister's intellects, which were shaken already by the horror of the situation to which she had been consigned. By the time Miss Halcombe had got back to London she had determined to effect Lady Glyde's escape privately by means of the nurse.

She went at once to her stockbroker, and sold out of the funds all the little property she possessed, amounting to rather less than seven hundred pounds. Determined, if necessary, to pay the price of her sister's liberty with every farthing she had in the world, she repaired the next day, having the whole sum about her, in bank-notes, to her appointment outside the Asylum wall.

The nurse was there. Miss Halcombe approached the subject cautiously by many preliminary questions. She discovered, among other particulars, that the nurse who had, in former times, attended on the true Anne Catherick, had been held responsible (although she was not to blame for it) for the patient's escape, and had lost her place in consequence. The same penalty, it was added, would attach to the person then speaking to her, if the supposed Anne Catherick was missing a second time; and, moreover, the nurse, in this case, had an especial interest in keeping her place. She was engaged to be married; and she and her future husband were waiting till they could save, together, between two and three hundred pounds to start in business. The nurse's wages were good; and she might succeed, by strict economy, in contributing her small share toward the sum required in two years' time,

On this hint Miss Halcombe spoke. She declared that the supposed Anne Catherick was nearly related to her; that she had been placed in the Asylum under a fatal mistake; and that the nurse would be doing a good and a Christian action in being the means of restoring them to one another. Before there was time to start a single objection Miss Halcombe took four bank-notes, of a hundred pounds each, from her pocket-book, and offered them to the woman, as a compensation for the risk she was to run, and for the loss of her place.

The nurse hesitated, through sheer incredulity and surprise. Miss Halcombe pressed the point on her firmly.

"You will be doing a good action," she repeated; "you will be helping the most injured and unhappy woman alive. There is your marriage-portion for a reward. Bring her safely to me here, and I will put these four bank-notes into your hand before I claim her."

"Will you give me a letter saying those words, which I can show to my sweet-heart, when he asks how I got the money?" inquired the woman.

"I will bring the letter with me, ready written and signed," answered Miss Halcombe.

"Then I'll risk it," said the nurse.

"When?"

"To-morrow."

It was hastily agreed between them that Miss Halcombe should return early the next morning, and wait out of sight, among the trees—always, however, keeping near the quiet spot of ground under the north wall. The nurse could fix no time for her appearance, caution requiring that she should wait and be guided by circumstances. On that understanding they separated.

Miss Halcombe was at her place with the promised letter and the promised bank-notes before ten the next morning. She waited more than an hour and a half. At the end of that time the nurse came quickly around the corner of the wall, holding Lady Glyde by the arm. The moment they met Miss Halcombe put the bank-notes and the letter into her hand, and the sisters were united again.

The nurse had dressed Lady Glyde, with excellent forethought, in a bonnet, vail, and shawl of her own. Miss Halcombe only detained her to suggest a means of turning the pursuit in a false direction, when the escape was discovered at the Asylum. She was to go back to the house; to mention in the hearing of the other nurses that Anne Catherick had been inquiring, latterly, about the distance from London to Hampshire; to wait till the last moment before discovery was inevitable, and then to give the alarm that Anne was missing. The supposed inquiries about Hampshire, when communicated to the owner of the Asylum, would lead him to imagine that his patient had returned to Blackwater Park, under the influence of the delusion which made her persist in asserting herself to be Lady Glyde; and the first pursuit would, in all probability, be turned in that direction.

The nurse consented to follow these suggestions—the more readily, as they offered her the means of securing herself against any worse consequences than the loss of her place, by remaining in the Asylum, and so maintaining the appearance of innocence, at least. She at once returned to the house, and Miss Halcombe lost no time in taking her sister back with her to London. They caught the afternoon train to Carlisle the same afternoon, and arrived at Limmeridge, without accident or difficulty of any kind, that night.

During the latter part of their journey they were alone in the carriage, and Miss Halcombe was able to collect such remembrances of the past as her sister's confused and weakened memory was able to recall. The terrible story of the conspiracy so obtained was presented in fragments, sadly incoherent in themselves, and widely detached from each other. Imperfect as the revelation was, it must nevertheless be recorded here before this explanatory narrative closes with the events of the next day at Limmeridge House.

The following particulars comprise all that Miss Halcombe was able to discover.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 14, both Houses adjourned, on meeting, in order to witness the reception of the Japanese.

On Tuesday, May 15, in the Senate, Senator Douglas commenced his great speech in defense of popular sovereignty. The Senate adjourned before he ended.——In the House, Mr. Howard was awarded a contested seat from Michigan.

On Wednesday, May 16, Senator Douglas concluded his speech, and Senator Davis commenced his reply.——In the House, an inquiry into the New York Post-office defalcation was moved and adopted. One or two minor matters were discussed before the adjournment.

On Thursday, May 17, in the Senate, Senator Davis concluded his speech, and was answered by Senator Douglas.——In the House, a correspondent of the New York *Express*, by name Walker, was expelled for receiving money from parties interested in measures before Congress. The House then passed the Post-office Deficiency Bill. After acting on the Senate's amendments to the Deficiency and Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bills, the House proceeded to the consideration of the legislative, executive, and judiciary expenses of the Government.

On Friday, May 18, the Senate ordered to be printed a bill carrying into effect treaties with Japan, Siam, China, and Persia; also a message from the President relative to the Mountain Meadows massacre. A bill was introduced providing for the examination and payment of claims of the citizens of Texas for Indian spoliations. Senator Davis's resolutions relative to the protection of slavery in the Territories were taken up, and Senator Mason, of Virginia, delivered a speech on the subject. Senator Toombs obtained the floor, but postponed his remarks till Monday. The Senate, after an executive session, adjourned.——The House passed the bill providing for the better protection of life on board steam vessels. A bill abolishing the Court of Claims, and providing for the adjudication of claims by the District Courts, was reported. The Nebraska contested election case was decided by the ousting of Mr. Eastabrooke, and the installation of Mr. Daily, the contestant.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican National Convention organized at Chicago on 16th by selecting George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, for permanent President, and a long list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. Committees on Credentials and Platform were appointed, who reported next day a long platform affirming the usual Republican doctrines, with a Protective Tariff plank, and an indorsement (which was moved as an amendment) of the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence, declaring all men free and equal, etc. The Platform charges the Administration with extravagance and misgovernment, and insists on the rights of States to determine their own institutions. The platform was adopted amidst great applause. It reads as follows:

THE PLATFORM.

Resolved, That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican Electors of the United States, in Convention assembled, in the discharge of the duty we owe to our constituents and our country, unite in the following declarations:

First, That the history of the nation during the last four years has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now more than ever before demand its peaceful and constitutional triumph. That we solemnly reassert the self-evident truths, that all men are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are those of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that governments are intended among men to secure the enjoyment of these rights.

Second, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions, and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved.

Third, That to the Union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population; its surprising development of material resources; its rapid augmentation of wealth; its happiness at home and its honor abroad; and we hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion, come from whatever source they may; and we congratulate the country that no Republican member of Congress has uttered or countenanced a threat of disunion, so often made by Democratic members of Congress without rebuke and with applause from their political associates; and we denounce those threats of disunion, in case of a popular overthrow of their ascendency, as denying the vital principles of a free Government, and as an avowal of contemplated treason, which it is the imperative duty of an indignant people strongly to rebuke and forever silence.

Fourth, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions, according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depends, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

Fifth, That the present Democratic Administration has far exceeded our worst apprehensions in its measureless subserviency to the exactions of a sectional interest, as is especially evident in its desperate exertions to force the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the protesting people of Kansas—in construing the personal relation between master and servant to involve an unqualified property in persons—in its attempted enforcement every where, on land and sea, through the intervention of Congress and the Federal Courts, of the extreme pretensions of a purely local interest, and in its general and unvarying abuse of the power intrusted to it by a confiding people.

Sixth, That the people justly view with alarm the reckless extravagance which pervades every department of the Federal Government; that a return to rigid economy and accountability is indispensable to arrest the system of plunder of the public treasury by favored partisans; while the recent startling developments of fraud and corruption at the Federal metropolis show that an entire change of administration is imperatively demanded.

Seventh, That the new dogma that the Constitution of its own force carries Slavery into any or all the Territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent, is revolutionary in its tendency and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

Eighth, That the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of Freedom; that as our republican fathers, when they had abolished Slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempt to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to Slavery in any Territory of the United States.

Ninth, That we brand the recent reopening of the African slave-trade, under the cover of our national flag, aided by perversions of judicial power, as a crime against humanity, a burning shame to our country and age, and we call upon Congress to take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

Tenth, That in the recent vetoes by their Federal Governors of the acts of the Legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska, prohibiting slavery in those Territories, we find a practical illustration of the boasted Democratic principle of non-intervention and Popular Sovereignty, embodied in the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and a denunciation of the deception and fraud involved therein.

Eleventh, That Kansas should of right be immediately admitted as a State, under the Constitution recently formed and adopted by her people, and accepted by the House of Representatives.

Twelfth, That while providing revenue for the support of the General Government by duties upon imposts, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country, and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the working men liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence.

Thirteenth, That we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers, and against any view of the free Homestead policy which regards the settlers as paupers or supplicants for public bounty, and we demand the passage by Congress of the complete and satisfactory Homestead measure which has already passed the House.

Fourteenth, That the National Republican party is opposed to any change in our Naturalization laws, or any State legislation by which the rights of citizenship hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired; and in favor of giving a full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home or abroad.

Fifteenth, That appropriations by Congress for River and Harbor Improvements of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing Commerce, are authorized by the Constitution and justified by an obligation of the Government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

Sixteenth, That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country; that the Federal Government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction; and that as preliminary thereto a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

Seventeenth, Finally, having thus set forth our distinctive principles and views, we invite the co-operation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their affirmance and support.

THE NOMINATION.

On Friday 18, the Convention nominated Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, for President, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice-President.

The ballotings were as follows. For President:

FIRST BALLOT.

For Mr. Seward	173½	For Mr. M'Lean	12
For Mr. Lincoln	102	For Mr. Collamer	10
For Mr. Cameron	50½	For Mr. Wade	3
For Mr. Chase	49	For Mr. Sumner	1
For Mr. Bates	48	For Mr. Read	1
For Mr. Dayton	14	For Mr. Frémont	1

Whole number of votes, 465; necessary to a choice, 233.

SECOND BALLOT.

For Mr. Seward	184½	For Mr. Dayton	10
For Mr. Lincoln	181	For Mr. M'Lean	8
For Mr. Chase	42½	For Mr. Cameron	2
For Mr. Bates	35	For Mr. Clay	2

THIRD BALLOT.

For Mr. Lincoln	354	For Mr. Dayton	1
For Mr. Seward	110½	For Mr. M'Lean	½

For Vice-President, the following is the

FIRST BALLOT.

For Mr. Hamlin	194	For Mr. Davis	8
For Mr. Clay	101½	For Mr. Houston	6
For Mr. Hickman	58	For Mr. Dayton	3
For Mr. Reeder	51	For Mr. Read	1
For Mr. Banks	38½		

SECOND BALLOT.

For Mr. Hamlin	367	For Mr. Hickman	13
For Mr. Clay	86		

SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER MACDONALD.

About noon on 14th the attention of the physicians of the City Prison was called to the condition of Robert C. Macdonald, confined in a cell on the second corridor, on an indictment for the murder of Virginia Stewart, in Broadway, in August last, and for which he was shortly to be tried in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. When visited by the physician he was perfectly insensible, having taken a large quantity of Munn's Elixir, an opiate four times as strong as laudanum. The stomach-pump was freely used, and he was plentifully showered with water, but his death occurred at 5 o'clock P.M. He was only 29 years of age. A jury was summoned on the following day by Coroner Jackman, and was of opinion that his death had resulted from the effects of creosote and a preparation of opium, which had been taken for the purpose of suicide. The body was handed over to his friends, who purpose having it embalmed, and, in accordance with the last request of the deceased, conveyed to Kentucky for interment.

DEFALCATION OF MR. FOWLER.

The community was startled on 15th inst. by rumors, which subsequent events verified, that Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, who has occupied the office of Postmaster of this City for seven years, had proved a defaulter to the General Government in a large amount. He has, it is charged, failed to deposit at the Sub-Treasury over $155,000 of the postal revenue collected for the Government. This deficit has been accumulating for some time, and there are various statements regarding the disposition which has been made of the money. The general opinion is that it has been advanced in the shape of loans to political friends. The bondsmen of Mr. Fowler are Messrs. George Law and G. A. Conover. The sureties they gave, however, amount only to $75,000, and it is said that they can not be held liable even to this extent, as Mr. Fowler's misdemeanor commenced at a time when they were not responsible for his conduct. Mr. Fowler's whereabouts is not known at present. He left his hotel at two o'clock Saturday afternoon, and the officials who have been endeavoring to track him since have failed to apprehend him. Hon. John A. Dix has been appointed his successor.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

Letters from Key West give particulars of the capture of the slave bark *Wildfire* by the United States steamer *Mohawk*, Lieutenant Craven. The slaver had 530 slaves on board, seventy having died on the trip from Africa. The *Wildfire* is a neat clipper of 337 tons, and was formerly a packet employed between this port and Vera Cruz, and was owned by Hargous Brothers. The last trip she made to that port was in August last.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The Reform Bill had passed its second reading in the House of Commons. Lord John Russell had stated in the same branch of Parliament that the English proposition for the settlement of the San Juan difficulty had been rejected by the American Government, and that future action depends upon Secretary Cass's reply to the last English dispatch.

FRANCE.

A SAD STORY.

A sad event, unfortunately not unique in the annals of science, has just occurred at Paris. Some time ago a lady, of superior talent as governess in private families, had confided to her care a little Russian boy, born deaf and dumb. The child was of gentle temper and endearing manners, and the poor governess bent the whole of her intelligence to the possibility of instructing him to keep pace with her other pupils. Soon, at sight of his quick comprehension of the various methods she invented for his instruction, she began to grow more ambitious still, and to be devoured with the desire to endow him with the faculty which Nature herself had denied. For this purpose it appears that Mademoiselle Cleret spent whole nights in study, and lavished her slender means in experiments. At length the light broke in upon her. She remained perfectly convinced that in sulphuric ether must reside the talisman powerful enough to restore the deaf to a sense of hearing. She began by pouring into the ear a few drops only at a time, gradually increasing the quantity until it reached ten drops. The cure was complete. The child heard and understood in a short time. The articulation was still imperfect for a little while longer; but that, it seems, has since yielded to surgical treatment. The fame of the cure spread far and wide. The remedy was tried upon numberless individuals in all stages of deafness, and in every case succeeded. A commission was named to pronounce upon the discovery made by Mademoiselle Cleret. The decision was made wholly in its favor; the Montyon prize was awarded to the fortunate lady, and various testimonials of favor were conveyed to her, both from public bodies and private individuals. But the end of this sacrifice and devotion to the cause of humanity is sad to tell. Poor Mademoiselle Cleret, unable to resist the change from a position of dependence and privation to one of fame and comparative opulence, has sunk beneath the weight of the unexpected honors thus conferred upon her. Her mind, worn out with study and anxiety, exhausted with labor and with watching, has given way, and she has just been conveyed a hopeless maniac to a *maison de santé* at Montmartre.

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The King of Sardinia was at Bologna, and had received an enthusiastic reception. The Syndicate had presented him with five million francs, as a voluntary contribution from the people. There were rumors of renewed insurrections in the interior of Sicily, but nothing authentic. Arrests continued at Messina. Naples was tranquil. Garibaldi has not gone to Sicily, Cavour having dissuaded him therefrom.

SPAIN.

A GENERAL AMNESTY.

A general amnesty is granted in Spain, the only condition being that the recipients take the oath of allegiance. Count Montemolin and his brother would be reinstated as princes of the royal family.

THE JAPANESE AT WASHINGTON.

We devote most of our illustrated pages this week to illustrations of the Japanese embassy at Washington. The reader will find pictures of the Landing at the Washington Navy Yard, of the Reception by President Buchanan, of the Presentation of Americans to the Japanese at Willard's, of the Japanese at dinner, and of the singular operation of head-dressing which the Embassadors and their suite undergo at regular intervals. We now proceed to give—from the daily papers—some description of these various incidents:

THE LANDING AT WASHINGTON.

The *Herald* correspondent writes:

"Up to twenty-five minutes past eleven, at which time a signal-gun reverberated through the yard, and the bow of the *Philadelphia* was to be seen turning Buzzard's Point, immediately below the arsenal, the crowd that had gathered within the yard did not include a thousand people, but every minute added numbers to the throng. As the steamer approached, the American and Japanese flags fluttering gayly from their staffs gave a fitting character to her appearance, and as she came up to the wharf, to which she had been signaled by the small sloop referred to, that had been drawn into the stream for the purpose, she presented a beautiful and highly effective appearance. As she turned in near the old ship-house the Marine Band, whose gay uniforms had been discerned on the bow, struck up the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which was immediately followed by the inspiring strains of 'Hail Columbia.' At twenty minutes to twelve she was made fast to the wharf. Several of the Japanese were at this time standing on the guards, where they attracted great attention. One in particular, who stationed himself on the upper deck guards, with a number of sheets of colored paper, and without loss of time commenced sketching the whole scene before him, succeeded in making himself 'the observed of all observers.' Those who satisfied their curiosity by glancing over his shoulder reported that his drawings were very life-like, and that he took particular notice of the Japanese flag that was flying, and touched it off with photographic nicety. The half-shaven heads of several other of his countrymen were visible at the different windows of the steamer, and by their words and laughter were evidently passing some, to us, no doubt, very original opinions on what they saw.

"Although the boat was at the wharf at twenty minutes to twelve, no debarkation took place till a quarter past twelve, by which time several detachments of the marines and the volunteer companies of the city were arranged in a long line to the east of the walk, and the Mayor and City Councils of Washington had arrived. The latter then, accompanied by Captain Dupont and several other officers of the army and navy in command, proceeded on foot to the gangway of the steamer, where Captain Dupont introduced the Mayor to the two embassadors and their two chief counselors. The Mayor then, in a few appropriate remarks, gave the Embassy a cordial welcome to the national metropolis of a nation of thirty millions of freemen; to which Simmebujen-Nokami replied, through the chief interpreter, in the words, 'We thank you, Sir, for the high honor and compliment done us.'

"After this the salute of seventeen guns was fired from the Dahlgren battery, when the first embassador, arm-in-arm with Captain Dupont, headed the procession, and marched forward between the lines of citizens and soldiery toward the head of the yard and walk, where carriages were ordered to be in waiting to receive them. They had not proceeded many yards, however, when Commodore Buchanan stepped forward and uttered a few words of welcome to the Embassy in the name of the President of the United States and the people. He said that he reciprocated the kind feelings expressed by the Japanese Government when the treaty was made by Commodore Perry, and he felt proud, on an occasion so interesting as the present one, of being the medium of a reception and welcome so hearty as the President and citizens of America now extended to them.

"After the chief interpreter had communicated these remarks to them, the embassadors bowed their acknowledgments, and the interpreter said, 'Thank you, Sir.'

"After this the procession moved on without interruption to the end of the walk, the chief embassador walking with his right arm linked in that of Captain Dupont and his left in that of some other naval officer. The second embassador was similarly escorted by Lieutenant Porter and another. The rest followed in single file, and beside them walked other naval officers.

"I must not forget to mention that the *Nourimon*, a black lackered frame, square in shape, and in size and roof very much resembling a dog-kennel, in which was fixed the treaty-box, hidden from the public eye by a loose cover of red oil-cloth, preceded the first embassador in the line of procession, and was carried by two of the men belonging to the yard. When the end of the walk was reached it was placed on the ground, to await suitable transit to the hotel."

THE PERSONNEL OF THE EMBASSY.

It is worth while to present for once, at least, whatever orthography may be finally adopted, the Japanese names as they are uttered by their owners:

1. Sim'mi Boojsen no-Kami.'
2. Mooragáki Awajsi no-Kami.
3. O'goori Bungo no-Kami.
4. Moroóta Okatóro.
5. Naroúsa Gensiro.
6. Tsokahára Joúgoro.
7. Hitáka Kesabóro.
8. Osakábi Tetstáro.
9. Matsemóto Sanójou.
10. Yósida Sagosaiémon.
11. Námoura Gohajsiro.
12. Masuj'su Sintshéro.
13. Sooj'see Yosegóro.
14. Kúri Simahicohaj'siro.
15. Susasáwa Scójero.
16. Measáki.
17. Moryáma.
18. Tataiesi Tokujsúro.
19. Tataiesi Owaj'sero.
20. Kowasáki.

The order of the above is strictly according to the order of rank. Nos. 1 and 2 are the first and second Embassadors; No. 3 is the Censor or Adviser; No. 4 is the Officer of the Treasury; No. 5 bears the title of Governor, and is slightly subordinate to the preceding; No. 6 is the next in rank. These are all dignitaries of high position. Nos. 7, 8, 14, and 15 are attendants, or aids, to the Adviser, No. 3; Nos. 9 and 10 are officers belonging to the first and second Embassadors; No. 11 is the Imperial Interpreter; Nos. 12 and 13 are aids to the Treasury officer, No. 4; Nos. 16, 17, and 20 are Doctors; Nos. 18 and 19 are Interpreters. It will be seen they have the same first name. The family name in Japan always precedes, and No. 19, little "Tommy," is the adopted son of No. 18.

The princes, Simmi, of Boojsen, Mooragaki, of Awajsi, and Ogoori, of Bungo, are of the highest rank that could have been deputed upon this mission. They are the equals in station of the princes who negotiated the first treaty with Commodore Perry, and the subsequent treaties with Mr. Harris. They are not hereditary princes, the Lycoon, or temporal superior, having no power to send the hereditary princes from his dominions. They belong, or have belonged, however, to the Lycoon's Foreign Council of Six. Their titles have only an honorary significance, since they have no share in the government of the places whose names they bear. Simmi Boojsen no-Kami is not the governing prince of that province in Kinsin—possibly has never been in it. And so with the rest. Possibly they hold the titles by reason of family connections. The instructions which they bring from their imperial master, a Dutch copy of which has been translated by Mr. Portman, authorize them to ratify the treaty of Mr. Harris, and to arrange all affairs so as to insure perpetual peace and friendship between the United States and Japan.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF VISITORS.

Few American ladies will be likely to fall desperately in love with the principal members of this Embassy in consequence of the striking beauty of their forms and faces. The first Embassador is a man of small frame, with a stoop across the shoulders. He is about five feet five in height, and thirty-five in years. He has a long face and a peculiar nose, which is his most noticeable feature. It is too thin to be called Jewish, and too even to be styled Roman. It is in the form of a regular curve, not unlike the beak of a parrot. But perhaps I am exaggerating. The second Embassador looks twenty years older than the first, and is decidedly worse looking. He has lost many of his teeth, and those remaining are very much decayed. He has a sterner, but less intellectual look than the other, whose face is mild in the extreme.

Every man of the embassy wears by right two swords, and nearly half of these men are more or less pock marked. They are all thick-skinned and dark in complexion, the general color being that of a bamboo walking cane; but there are three of them whose faces are warmed by a rosy hue, which is very becoming. With all of them ease and dignity are seen in happy combination; nothing seems to surprise them, but every thing attracts their attention and curiosity.

The Japanese are naturally enough excited about their reception, and wish to prepare for it in quiet. Still they are not indifferent to the smiles of beautiful women, and they are received when gentlemen, no matter how commanding in appearance, are denied admittance.

THEIR COSTUME, ETC.

The *Tribune* says: "The Princes are of pleasant and intelligent appearance. The First Embassador is a person of middle age, with a countenance indicating dignity beyond all affectation, and the highest refinement. The others are of less distinguished mien, but all thoroughly agreeable in expression. Their manner of dress is very similar. The hair is shaved from all parts of the head excepting the sides and back, from which it is gathered in long bands to the crown, and there fastened with a white string, leaving a lock three or four inches long, which is stiffened with oil, and brought forward to the forehead, where it rests. They wear silk or crape under-coats, of various hues, looser robes of the same material, and mostly blue, being thrown and folded over them. In their belts of crape they wear two swords, one short (the barrikarri sword, which no plebeian can make use of), the other longer. These weapons are of a finer steel than is elsewhere made, and are borne in neatly-wrought scabbards of thick skin, inlaid with ornaments of gold and jewels. Their trowsers are very wide and short, descending only to within five or six inches of the ground, and are made of silk, which is sometimes covered with beautifully embroidered figures of birds and flowers. These trowsers are held up by a flat braid which rests in the small of the back, and around which the crape belt passes. Upon their feet are white cloth coverings, half sock, half gaiter, closely fitting, and fastened by cords. Their sandals are of straw, and are composed of a small, flat matting for the foot, and two cords—one passing over the instep, the other between the large toe and its neighbor—which serve to keep it in its place. Another article which may almost be considered an inseparable part of the dress, is the pipe, which is carried in the back part of the belt, and which is brought into very frequent, though not long sustained, use. Three whiffs are the extent of Japanese indulgence in this luxury. The princes, and most of the higher officers, wear watches purchased from the Dutch. For pockets they use a part of their flowing sleeves and the front of their robes above the belt, the customary occupation of which by goodly-sized packages gives the wearers a protuberance of stomach quite unaccountable at first sight. The dresses of the officers of lower grade are similarly fashioned, but not so rich in texture or color. Their coats are all marked with the stamp of the particular prince whom they serve. Some of these attendants have adopted leather shoes and slippers, which they found at Honolulu and San Francisco, and are rather favorably disposed to the change. The Japanese have with them, also, certain articles of wearing apparel which they seldom use—hats of straw and lacker, and overcoats made of stout paper, thickly painted, which are quite durable, and which are sold in Japan for about seventeen cents apiece."

THE JAPANESE QUARTERS AT WILLARD'S.

The *Tribune* correspondent adds: "The Japanese are amply and elegantly accommodated at Willard's Hotel. The entire lower floor of one wing has been given up to their uses. A suit of rooms, mostly connected with one another, and stretched from Pennsylvania Avenue, along Fourteenth Street to F Street, has been arranged with great care, in a manner supposed to be rightly suited to their tastes. Many of these apartments are newly furnished and covered for this occasion. The walls are thickly decorated with fine engravings, and upon every available place, bronze statuettes, of which the Japanese are fond, are liberally distributed. In all the principal rooms mirrors reach from floor to ceiling on every side—a matter of particular interest to the visitors, whose only mirrors at home are small plates of highly-polished steel. The number of their apartments is about sixty, of which nearly twenty are reception-rooms and parlors of various dimensions. For the servants, the chapel of the hotel, a spacious and convenient hall has been set apart. Upon the same floor are those indispensable aids to Japanese comfort, the bathing-rooms. The Japanese exceed all other people in their scrupulous and universal cleanliness. A flight of stairs leads down to their dining-room, where they will be at liberty to enjoy their meals with whatever seclusion they may desire. In the basement a small kitchen is at their disposal, where their peculiar arts of cookery may be practiced unmolested. A private entrance to their quarters from Fourteenth Street is secured to them, and will be under their own control.

"Every necessity that could have been foreseen is supplied. Alterations that the guests may suggest will be effected, if possible; but their ready adaptive habits would enable them to find satisfaction in much less thorough accommodation than has been provided for them. The luxurious beds which await them will not at first recommend themselves to their pleasant senses, their accustomed places of repose being nothing softer than rigorous pine at the best; but it is possible that by degrees they may become inured to feathery pillows and balmy blankets, and that couches of downiest delicacy may not be altogether unwelcome to them."

VISITS TO THE JAPANESE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes, on Tuesday evening:

"They received no visitors to-day, keeping closely to their apartments. Nevertheless they appeared pleased with the motley crowd assembled under their windows, and presented quite frequently their smiling countenances. Yesterday evening they prevented the police from driving these curious American sight-seers away, and amused themselves by throwing their native coin among them to be scrambled for. Large numbers of ladies and gentlemen paid their respects to them, and begged a card written in Japanese characters, which are exhibited, in connection with the singular coin, as trophies and mementoes of this interesting occasion. Already the men about town have attached Japanese coin to their watch-chains, in token of their importance and influence with those in authority.

"There is one peculiarity in this reception, and that is, that the Japanese inquired the occupation of the visitors, their salary, whether married, and numerous other questions, all of which were written on their note-books, and gave satisfactory evidence that they are making observations for the benefit of their countrymen at home. With the ladies they were less particular. They smiled upon them most benignly, and were profuse in their admiration as they were minute in their examination of their jewelry.

"The piano was an object of great curiosity. The source of harmony was a mystery to them, but they seemed never to tire of it. Card writing became quite a bore; and one of them, after complying with the request of a $1200 clerk to write his name in Japanese, on being applied to by another to fill up half a dozen cards in the same manner, pulled out a small pocket-book, and after a hasty inspection ejaculated 'Tired!' Of course the clerks were satisfied."

General Cass received the Embassy on Wednesday evening, and made a short speech of welcome. The appearance of the Japanese during the delivery of General Cass's speech was very awkward. They sat in their chairs with their bodies bent over and their hands on their knees; and when they stood up to acknowledge the greeting, as each sentence was translated to them they stooped their bodies very low.

THE RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE

took place on Thursday, 17 18th inst. The *Herald* correspondent says:

The famous East Room of the Presidential mansion began to fill at an early hour, the majority of those admitted being ladies. There were several artists about [representing *Harper's Weekly.—Ed. H. W.*] sketching the room, and reporters taking notes, which gave the impression that something very solemn and unusual was about to take place. Nor was this dispelled by the appearance of the well-preserved Marshal of the District of Columbia, Mr. Selden, who appeared in full dress, with white kids, and little fatigued by his twenty years of public services. Mr. Selden was accompanied by James Buchanan, Jun., the President's private secretary, to whom he was describing the order of proceeding. From their conversation I learned that the President was to take a position immediately in front of the large window on the west side, with his Cabinet arranged behind him, and that the officers of the navy and army were to form two lines to the door of entrance.

At eleven o'clock Senators and Members, with their wives, daughters, and children, began to arrive in rapid succession, which promised very little of an audience to Senator Davis, who was to continue his reply to the great speech of Senator Douglas. Now succeeded the hum of interesting conversation and the rustling of female apparel. Love, politics, and even religion—for the tall form of the Chaplain of the House, Mr. Stockton, was prominent in the crowd—were promiscuously discussed. The ladies declared they would not be able to see the Japanese, and then followed the endeavors, vain indeed, of their escorts to get them in the front line. But above all could be heard the most curious remarks about these "idols of the hour;" their personal appearance, their singular dress, and their funny custom of dressing the hair.

The entrance of the splendidly uniformed officers of the army and navy was the signal for desperate flirtations on the part of the gay young ladies, who were smiling most bewitchingly. Some of the plain and unpretending legislators were very differently affected. The golden dress and prominent position of these faithful subjects seemed to disgust them, and one of them very unfeelingly remarked that they should not have appeared in apparel so handsome, at least until after the passage of the bill increasing their pay. General Scott towered above the crowd, and for a time at least was the "observed of all observers."

ENTRANCE OF THE SPEAKER AND THE PRESIDENT.

But the bustle and confusion at the door increased, and many exclaimed, "Here come the Japanese!" It was a false alarm. It was only Mr. Speaker Pennington, with about fifty members of Congress and officers of the House. The House had taken a recess, suspended the public business until those having it in charge could learn whether or not mutual intercourse with their Oriental peers would not stimulate them to renewed exertions. The East Room at this point gave evidence of its incapacity to contain the sovereigns of the nation, and the necessity for a new mansion of grander proportions and enlarged accommodations. The situation of the fortunate inmates was deplorable; they were crowded together without order of any kind. Each person occupied what position he pleased, and it was more than likely, if of small stature, his neighbor's hat continually closed his wide-stretched eyes. Even the ladies, the privileged class of our republic, suffered from the pressure.

But attention was directed from these petty annoyances by the entrance of the President of the United States, accompanied by the Cabinet, and the determined efforts of Mr. Commissioner Blake to move back the crowd, and form an open line of the army and navy officers, through which the Japanese could approach the Chief Magistrate of all the States of the Union. By dint of much pushing and a little coaxing, sufficient space was cleared, and the arrangement was perfected.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE JAPANESE.

While the confusion was greatest the Marine Band was heard outside, which caused a rush for the windows, and announced the arrival of the cortége. All was expectancy and disappointment. The Japanese were in no hurry to enter, and completed their preparations with the greatest deliberation. In the mean time the limited furniture of the East Room was seized, and used to elevate the ladies. The elegant rosewood chairs and sofas, the pride of rural Americans, were wheeled from their positions against the wall, and converted into platforms for distinguished American ladies of fashion and beauty. One of the chairs accommodated three ladies and a Senator in this manner. Even the marble slabs under the mirrors were not overlooked, and one pretty young lady rendered herself conspicuous by setting herself in a looking-glass with an elegant frame.

But I am forgetting the entrance of the Japanese, with all the customary forms of homage of their own country. Immediately there succeeded loud talking and a little storm of hisses. Silence ensued, but nothing could be heard, and those in the rear amused themselves by calling attention to the continued efforts of all the little men to look over the heads of the crowd by standing on tip-toe. Still there was very general good-humor on the part of those who couldn't see or hear; but several of the disappointed declared that they had been sold, and it wouldn't pay to look at the Japanese. A portion of the President's address was audible at a distance, however, and when he spoke of the ratification of the treaty, and the Japanese betrayed by their expressive countenances how pleased they were, one of the disappointed few said that "rat" was the only thing that was intelligible to them.

THE FORMAL ADDRESSES.

Another correspondent gives the detail of the speeches:

One of the Japanese opened a series of paper boxes, one within another, and produced several letters, which were handed to the President, and by him to General Cass.

The principal Japanese then addressed the President as follows:

ADDRESS OF THE JAPANESE.

His Majesty the Tycoon has commanded us that we respectfully express to his Majesty the President of the United States, in his name, as follows:

Desiring to establish on a firm and lasting foundation the relations of peace and commerce so happily existing between the two countries.

That lately the Plenipotentiaries of both countries have negotiated and concluded a treaty.

Now he has ordered us to exchange the ratification of the treaty in your principal city of Washington.

Henceforth he hopes that the friendly relations shall be held more and more lasting, and will be very happy to have your friendly feeling.

That you have brought us to the United States, and will send us back to Japan, in your man-of-war.

Having delivered their message they retired, bowing to the President and Cabinet repeatedly on leaving their presence. They soon, however, returned, bowing profoundly as before, when the President addressed them as follows, Mr. Portman interpreting to the Japanese interpreter, and the latter communicating with the principal envoy:

REPLY OF THE PRESIDENT.

I give you a cordial welcome as representatives of his Imperial Majesty the Tycoon of Japan to the American Government. We are all much gratified that the first Embassy which your great empire has ever accredited to any foreign Power has been sent to the United States. I trust that this will be the harbinger of perpetual peace and friendship between the two countries. The treaty of commerce, whose ratifications you are about to exchange with the Secretary of State, can not fail to be productive of benefits and blessings to the people both of Japan and the United States. I can say for myself, and promise for my successors, that it shall be carried into execution in a faithful and friendly spirit, so as to secure to both countries all the advantages they may justly expect from the happy auspices under which it has been negotiated and ratified. I rejoice that you are pleased with the kind treatment which you have received on board of our vessels of war, while on your passage to this country. You shall be sent back in the same manner to your native land under the protection of the American flag. Meanwhile, during your residence among us, which I hope may be prolonged, so as to enable you to visit the different portions of our country, we shall be happy to extend to you all the hospitality and kindness evidently due to the great and friendly sovereign whom you so worthily represent.

The President handed them a copy of his address, and then shook hands with them.

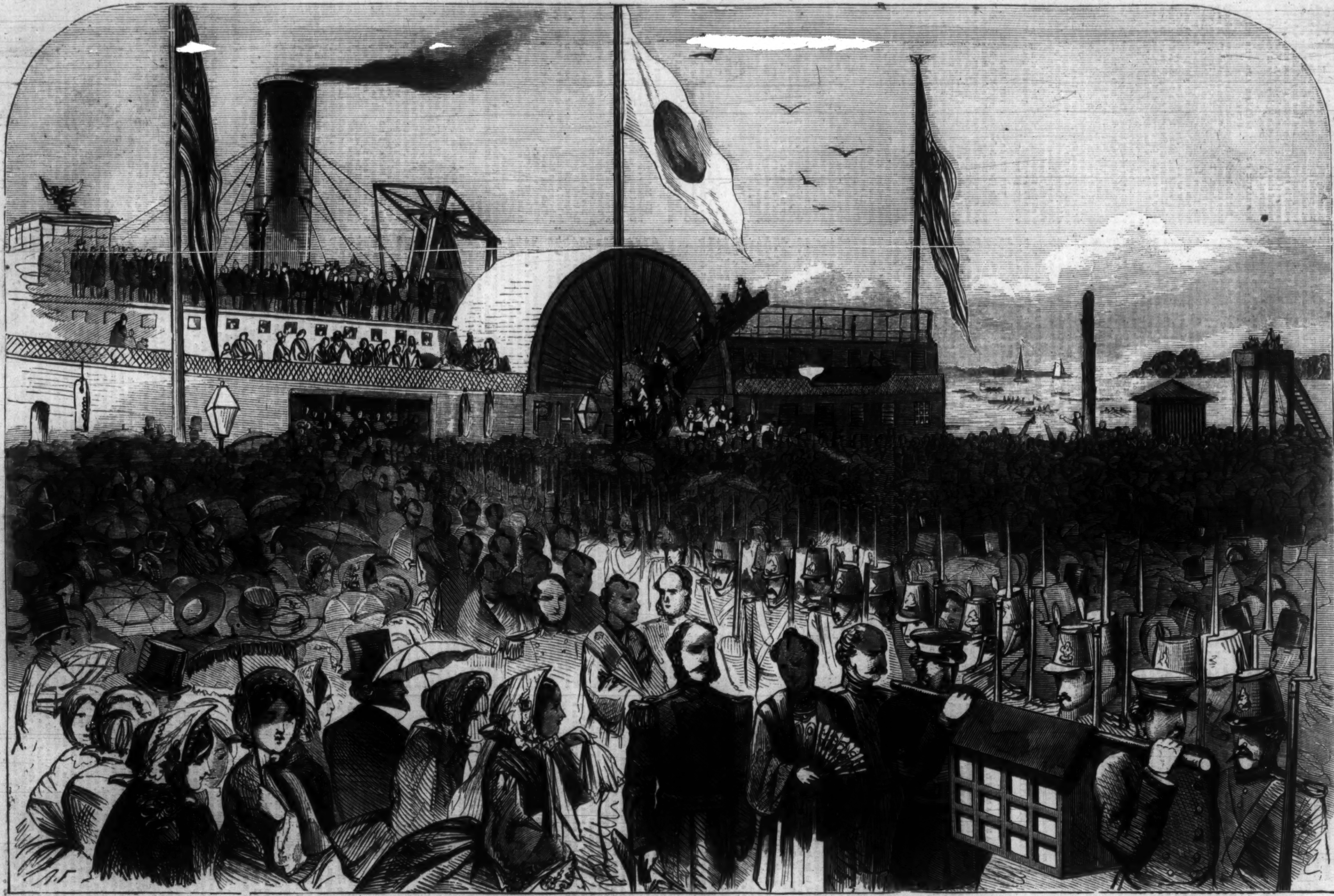
The subordinate Japanese officers were also brought in and introduced.

THE COSTUME OF THE EMBASSADOR.

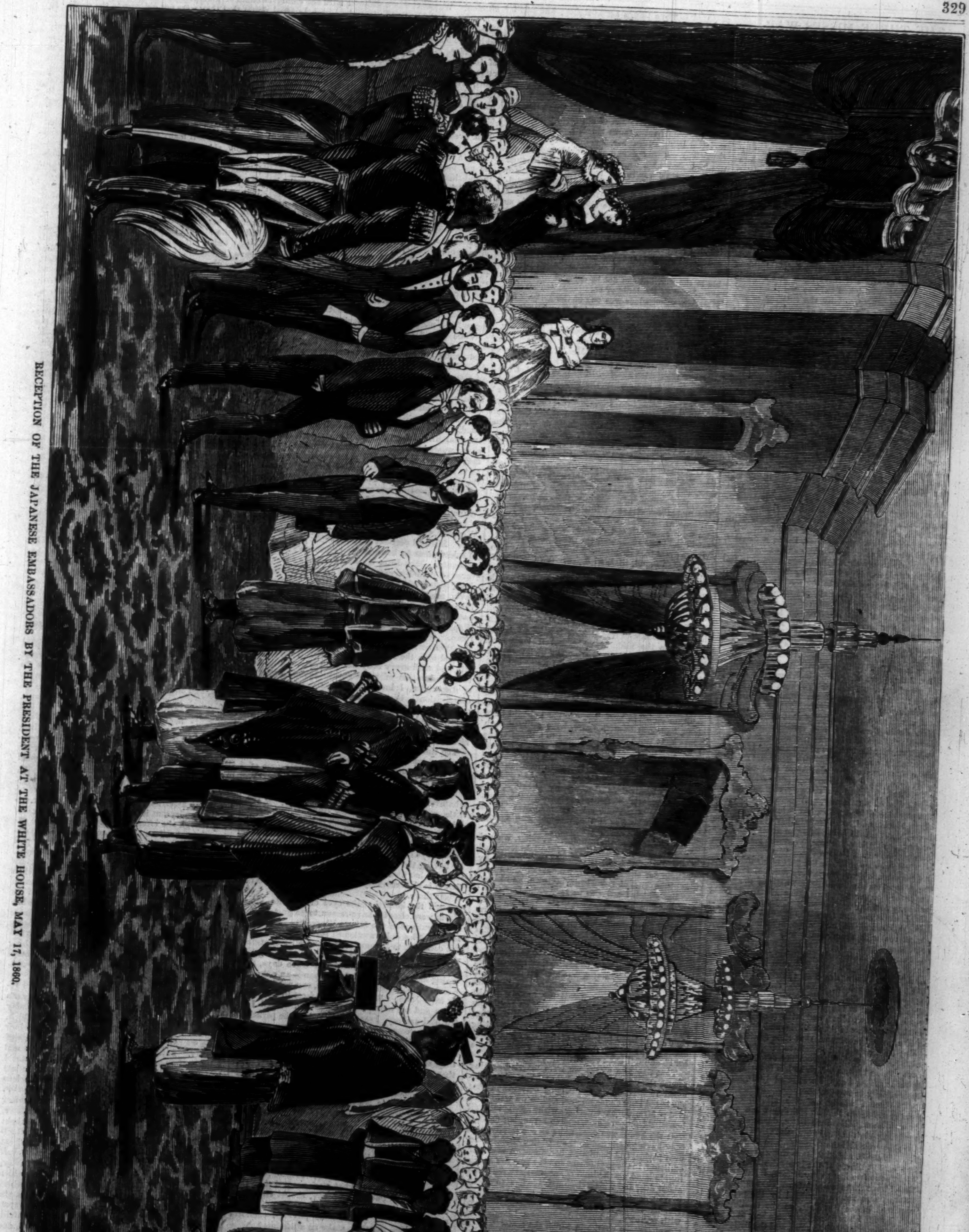
The chief Prince was arrayed in a rich brocade purple silk sack, with ample overhanging sleeves, and flowing trowsers of the same color. The other two dignitaries were in green, of similar texture and fashion. They wore caps like ladies' inverted capes, fastened on the crown of the head by strings passing under the chin. They carried pikes, halberds, and emblems of their rank. The inferior officers wore small hats, consisting of a round band, with triangular crowns, also tied to the head by strings under the chin.

A DROLL INCIDENT.

One amusing incident is worth detailing. A well-known lawyer, and a strict member of Dr. Gurley's church, and once Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Virginia, who is noted for the rotundity of his person no less than his hearty good-humor, accidentally came into contact with a perambulating Japanese, who regarded him for a few moments in unbounded astonishment. Recovering himself, he touched the corporation of Mr. F. F. V., not once, but twice, and ejaculated, "Solid!" Now for the explanation: The Japanese had found that ladies' hoops yielded to gentle pressure, and he supposed that the unnatural circumference of his new-made acquaintance resulted from a similar cause.



THE LANDING OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY, WITH THE TREATY IN A BOX, AT THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 327.]



RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS BY THE PRESIDENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE, MAY 17, 1860.

THE THREE MISSES WAPSCOTT.

I am a widower—a widower of a year's standing; it having been my misfortune to lose the late Anna Maria Potts, *née* Scrawlens, after a short but happy union of two years, four months, and thirteen days. Having no pledges of our affection, it would perhaps be supposed by the unthinking that I would, as a consequence, go back upon my bachelor days, and, relinquishing my household gods, once more taste the sweets of freedom and boarding-houses. I was spared this heavy infliction by the promptness of the widowed mother of my late Anna Maria, who instantly upon the decease of her daughter announced her intention of continuing her domicile beneath my roof and ministering to my domestic wants. To this I made no objection; for whatever may be the little shortcomings of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, she certainly understands the mysteries of the kitchen, and, I have no hesitation in declaring, is the most capable woman I ever did see on an Irish stew.

If in the course of this narrative I should, therefore, indulge in any strictures upon this amiable woman, let them be taken only as called forth by special circumstances, not by the entirety of her conduct. During the lifetime of my late lamented Anna Maria, Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens only exercised so much supervision over my personality as kept my mind alive to the fact of her deep interest in every thing having even the most remote bearing on her beloved daughter; but of late I am forced to confess that this supervision has been extended, until I am utterly at a loss to account for her abiding and never-failing constancy to the memory of the late lamented and lost Anna Maria. That I may make this better understood, it will be necessary that I should go into some little explanation of my domestic position.

Should there be any who would enter upon the very grounds of the matter, they can be satisfied, by spending a few minutes at the Hall of Records, that I am whole and sole owner of the house and lot No. 1157 Twenty-second Avenue, and that upon said house and lot there is no encumbrance. This property was once the belonging of my aunt, Jane Potts—a lady every way worthy of it, and with whom, from the tender age of six, when I was bequeathed by my father, I was a dweller, and to whom I acted as sole heir and executor.

Previous to my aunt's death she seemed to feel forcibly the necessity of providing something snug, as she said, for my *début* in the world; and to this end that excellent woman practiced the most touching economy; and among the many things growing out of this resolve, she let the upper floors of her mansion, No. 1157 Twenty-second Avenue. It was to this fact that I was indebted for my wife, the late lamented and lost Anna Maria Potts, *née* Scrawlens. After this preliminary it will hardly be necessary for me to say that Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, who had been the school-fellow of my aunt, and her daughter, Anna Maria, were the first tenants of the upper floors of my aunt's house.

I am inclined to the belief that the interest of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, and consequently of her daughter, Anna Maria, was not awakened in my behalf during the lifetime of my aunt. If it was, it certainly was concealed with great art; for no show of it was ever made before that estimable lady, who, being of the maiden persuasion, many a time and oft raised her voice forcibly against the institution of matrimony, and more than once, in the presence of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens and the late Anna Maria, said, with tears in her eyes, that she hoped that I would never bring so great a disgrace on her, during her lifetime, as to wed; and I am happy to say that I never did.

There was an effort on the part of Mrs. Jabez to render the late Anna Maria very much of a myth to me. In other words, I saw but little of the young lady, and never by any chance alone. I could not help noticing that when Mrs. Jabez and Anna Maria came to drink tea with my aunt, when I was always counted in, and when my aunt went to drink tea with them, and I was always counted out, that Anna Maria never got up curls or dressed herself in those little bewitching ways which I knew she could do, for I had seen her three several times, when she was showing that great, tall, hulking fellow, Sevenup, out of a Sunday afternoon. I disliked Sevenup excessively, and do dislike him to the present day, even though he came to the wedding, and with tears blessed me in the possession of Anna Maria, and declared himself a broken man from that time forth, on which point I am compelled to believe him, from the fact that he has extracted from my sympathies since several small loans, which he has invariably failed to return. As I say, I was sensibly aware of this insensibility to my presence.

Providence wisely ordereth all things, which brings me down to that sad day when my much beloved aunt, Miss Jane Potts, departed this life, aged forty-eight, on the previous 24th of September. On this ground I have nothing to blame myself for. If assiduous attendance and wakefulness during the last illness of the late Miss Potts could be any unction to lay to my breast, I flatter myself that I have that medicament. That my unfailing interest was amply rewarded by the principal is apparent in the fact that, on the reading of my aunt's will, I was found to be sole heir to the house 1157 Twenty-second Avenue, and the little savings consisting of certain Manhattan Bank stock, United States six per cents, and other trifles.

From this moment it was that the soul of Mrs. Scrawlens came out to meet me. When she, as she beautifully expressed it, without meaning any disrespect to the late Miss Potts, saw that I stood untrammeled, but still lonely, her heart arose in rebellion against her former unsociality, and bled for my unprotected state. The first demonstration to this awakening was the coming of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens within a week of my aunt's decease, with the avowed purpose of setting things to rights. At that early day I may say that my mind was not prepared to have things set to rights; but still I urged no objection, and Mrs. S. and the late Anna Maria took possession of my rooms, and commenced a series of cleanings and fixings that I may truly say have never since ceased. It was at my own fireside that Mrs. S. first made that Irish stew which has since become part and parcel of my existence. It was there that Anna Maria first showed her ability on a batter pudding, and stuffed and roasted a goose as it never was stuffed and roasted before, by a young woman of nineteen, with large blue eyes and real auburn ringlets. For the interest manifested in my loneliness by Mrs. J. Scrawlens and her daughter I could not but be grateful, and, as a consequence, show it in such small ways as was in my power. Many a time have I brought from the gilded saloons of Broadway the choicest of the sugared dainties; many a time did a bottle of choice sherry—Mrs. S. is so fond of sherry—find its way to the upper floor with my compliments. As the weeks flew over, and those delicate attentions toward me were undiminished, I reciprocated, to the best of my power, by occasional excursions to the country, by rides, and by such other little items as are naturally agreeable to the sex, but can not be enjoyed without the attendance of the lords of creation. On all these Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens was one of the party. She had, from the very first, even before any action of my own had called forth an expression of opinion, declared to me that she never could, no never, suffer any daughter of hers to go any where unattended by her mother; for, as Mrs. S. very properly remarked, what has a young girl got to go on but her reputation? Mrs. S. always carried out this principle, even when the marriage-bond had made me legal protector of the late A. M. Her devotion to her daughter was so great that nothing could prevent her attendance even at the theatres and at balls, however late the hour or uncertain the weather.

What could all this lead to when the heart was already predisposed and the affections disengaged?

One summer evening it was, when we all, meaning the late lamented A. M., Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, and myself, sat in the front parlor of my own rooms. The evening was balmy, the windows open, the moonlight streamed into the room; the late A. M. was sitting beside me upon the sofa, where we were rather in the shadow, while Mrs. Jabez sat in the large rocking-chair, the comfort of which was so great that its occupant had fallen away into slumber so sound, that, with every few seconds of time, came a signal of its duration in the shape of a snore. It was upon this summer evening, with the rather unromantic accompaniment of Mrs. Jabez, that I first told the late Anna Maria that I loved her. I whispered the soft intelligence in her ear, feeling, as I must confess at this late day, much like a criminal who was seeking to take a favorite lamb from the fold. I whispered it very low, but the echoes came back upon my own ears like the reverberations of thunder, and I wondered that the noise did not awaken Mrs. Jabez from her slumbers; but it did not.

The late lamented Anna Maria was a sensible girl, and did not, as some young ladies do, scream, faint, or go off in hysterics. What I should have done, had such been the case, I am still—though years have since elapsed—unable to tell. But, as I say, she was sensible, indeed almost strong-minded; and, as a consequence, she only laid her head, ringlets and all—I forgot to mention that since the death of Miss Jane Potts, Anna Maria wore ringlets constantly—on my shoulder, and softly murmured consent, coupled with the reservation that I should ask her ma, Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, who was at that moment snoring vigorously.

Oh, the bliss of that summer evening, when I sat holding the innocent head of the late lamented Anna Maria, and felt the curls blown gently by the summer breeze across my face! When I held the plump little hand within my own, and kissed the lips which I knew to be rosy red, although at that moment I could not see them distinctly! Either the time flew away swiftly, or the nap of Mrs. Jabez came to a sudden termination, for scarce had the first warm kisses of love budded upon our lips when that lady awoke, and the late A. M. flew toward her, and buried her head in the maternal bosom. Something, perhaps instinct, whispered that, to that bosom, this action was a communication of the events of the last few moments. Acting upon this prompting, I flew across the room with the speed of thought, and threw myself on my knees before both these estimable ladies. Mrs. Jabez stretched forth her hands, seized my unresisting right, and placed in it that of the late Anna Maria Scrawlens, sobbing forth the two words, "Take her!" and fell back exhausted.

That day two weeks we were married—rather sooner than I had intended, but I entirely acquiesced in Mrs. Jabez Scrawlen's declaration that she hated long engagements, and so we were married; Mrs. Jabez entering with spirit into all household preparations, and so arranging matters that the house was once more as one family, that lady having assigned as the wedding chamber her own parlor, and domiciled herself upon my floor, omitting, in the excitement and the hurry of changing, to hand me the item of one quarter's rent, then about due, and which circumstance has, to all appearances, never since recurred to her memory. Her household goods became irretrievably mixed with my own, and Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens took entire charge—a charge in which she remains to the present day.

Thus far in my relation carries me to the time which brought about the events that have made me my own historian. At the end of our first matrimonial year it was resolved, in solemn council, that the house was too large for our uses, and that once more a tenant should be found who would occupy the upper floor, where once dwelt Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens and daughter. To me was assigned the task of finding a tenant, and in a very few weeks he was found, in the person of my old friend, Wapscott, of the firm of Wapscott & Jones, sugar commission. Wapscott was a widower with one child—a pale and sickly little girl, who instantly enlisted the sympathies of the late Anna Maria. On taking the house, Wapscott responded to the inquiries of Mrs. Jabez, as to his intended management of domestic matters, by saying that he should receive aid from his three sisters, the Misses Wapscott, who would do their best for him and his little girl. I fancied at this moment that a cloud passed over the brow of Mrs. S.; but it was too late, the rooms were let, the papers were signed, and the next day Wapscott was to take possession. That evening Mrs. Jabez took occasion to make several remarks about some people never doing any thing in the way of business correctly; some people not inquiring into things, and getting giddy, thoughtless girls into their house; all of which remarks I felt were intended for myself, but to which I made not one word of answer.

The next day Wapscott moved in. That evening I heard all the news. Mrs. Jabez had proffered her services, and had, as a consequence, seen all three of the Misses Wapscott. Of the personal appearance of either of these young ladies I could gain no intelligence, but from Mrs. S. I learned that the youngest Miss Wapscott was a "fly-away," "a giddy pate," and "a harum-scarum." That the second Miss Wapscott was "a slinky," "a slouchy," and "a slommicks." Of the eldest Miss Wapscott, the fiat went forth that she was "a screw," "a nagger," and "a skrimper."

Time passed on, and the heart of Mrs. Jabez became reconciled to the Misses Wapscott. I had ample opportunities of seeing them, though for a long period I was doubtful whether either of those young ladies saw me, from the fact that, whenever it occurred that I was thrown into their society, they had a way of looking at me vacantly, as though nothing stood in the spot where I was, or of looking entirely through me, at objects beyond, giving me the unpleasant feeling that I was transparent. Joined to this, the Misses Wapscott never wasted the jewels of their conversation on me; even going so far, if I must confess the fact, as to snub me before the face of Mrs. Jabez and the late Anna Maria when I made attempts to join in the general conversation. All this did not prevent my noticing the fact that the three Misses Wapscott were rather good-looking girls, and each a finished artist in her own line. Miss Helen Wapscott, the oldest, was tall, grave, and business-like. She had deep-set gray eyes that plainly told of calculations for housekeeping expenses and rigid accounts. Miss Julia Wapscott was the exact reverse of both her sisters. She was middle-sized, dark, with liquid eyes, and raven hair. Miss Julia never smiled, was given to poetry, was of the Italian style, and gave way to the *dolce far niente* until it amounted to stagnation. Miss Georgina Wapscott was sweet sixteen, and a confirmed romp. She romped with her sisters whether they would or not. She romped with her brother. She romped with the servants, with the cat, with herself, and with every body but with me. Once, in the exhilaration of mind caused by her gayety of disposition, I broke through the natural and constitutional bashfulness of my manner, and made an incipient offer of a romp with Miss Georgina, which was immediately crushed out with a "Pshaw!" and Miss Georgy was quiet for almost an hour afterward.

The time sped on, and my friend Wapscott had been my tenant, with perfect satisfaction, for the period of sixteen months, when, in the course of events, the late Anna Maria Potts was called away. I have always struggled to reconcile myself to whatever is awarded me; but when I think of the little parties that we made, Anna Maria, Mrs. Jabez, and myself, in the back sitting-room, with hot sherry negus in the winter, and cobblers in the summer, I feel that it is very hard. Mrs. Jabez has always done her best to realize those moments by having the sherry out every evening, and mixing with her own hands the beverages; but I feel that it is all a mockery and a show, the spirit is no longer there.

From the hour that the eyes of the late Anna Maria were closed I have reason to be grateful for the attentions of the Misses Wapscott. Even the languid Miss Julia awakened sufficiently, on that sad occasion, to become useful, and Miss Georgina showed the excess of her feeling by confining her noise to her own apartments for three days, and crying heartily at the right moment—an example which, without bitterness I say it, was not followed by Miss Julia, who cried at the most inopportune times and without proper discretion. Shall I be truthful and say, I really believed, at the period of this occurrence, and have seen no reason since to alter my mind, that Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens did not receive these attentions of the Misses Wapscott as they should have been received? There was not that full responsiveness of spirit which I should have been gratified to have seen in the mother of the late lamented Anna Maria.

While the late lamented Anna Maria was living, I may repeat that neither of the Misses Wapscott thought it consistent to pay me those little attentions which, when I stood a bereaved man, sprang up out of the very overflow of the heart. Then they looked upon the late A. M. as entitled to the privilege of ministering to them, and naturally supposed that I wanted for nothing. When she was called away, what more natural than that they, through purest sympathy, should strive—as far as their ability could carry them—to relieve my sadness and add to the little physical comforts which, added together, make up a lifetime?

It was unquestionably in this view that Miss Helen sent down several dishes of really superb-looking jelly. I speak only of its look: the flavor I failed in satisfying myself of, from the fact that Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, during my absence, as she declared, consigned three of them to the slop-pail and the fourth to the closet, from whence I do not believe it ever emerged, although I can positively assert that I saw it go in. Mrs. Jabez declared them to be trash, and horribly made—quite unfit to eat; and as I know Mrs. J. Scrawlens to be a woman of unimpeachable taste in jellies, I do not doubt that they were not quite up to the mark. In speaking upon this matter, I say nothing of a peach-pie and some turtle-soup, of which I heard only through the medium of Mrs. Scrawlens, who assured me that they were totally uneatable, and that they had met the fate of the jellies. In this little matter Mrs. Jabez elicited my warmest commendations, for the politeness that led her to so far sacrifice her conscientious scruples as to declare in my hearing, to Miss Helen Wapscott, that I had eaten and enjoyed these viands amazingly.

Miss Helen was not alone given to these kind sympathies; but many times, through the day and evening, she would drop in and hold familiar consultations on family matters, imparting valuable intelligence as to where an article of cheap but excellent butter could be had; or directing the attention of Mrs. Jabez to a nice little lot of poultry at one cent a pound cheaper than those which that lady had just bought. There were, no doubt, many times when Mrs. Jabez felt naturally troubled at the thought that she had missed these economies; but I never could see why she should always, immediately after the departure of Miss Helen, give way to an exhibition of irritation, which would induce her to strip off her apron and go through the performance of dusting the furniture until the perspiration rolled from her face.

To Miss Julia Wapscott, also, I was indebted for many moments of gushing tenderness. Miss Julia came only at evening, when she preferred the room—as she artistically expressed it—in a half-tone, which would be produced in summer by putting out the gas, and trusting to the moonlight or the reflection of the street lamps; and in winter by removing the light to the next room, and keeping the doors half shut. At such moments Miss Julia would seat herself beside me upon the sofa, and recall the hours of her association with the late Anna Maria. Of this subject she never seemed to tire. She could recount with singular correctness the least conversation of that dear departed angel, and intersperse it with notes of her own that showed how deeply she felt my desolate condition. Many a time, sitting there in the dim light, have I felt a warm tear drop upon my hand, and watched the beautiful Julia apply her handkerchief by stealth to her eyes. Many a time have I listened, charmed even to ecstasy by the soft hum of her voice. Many a time has she beguiled the hours by bringing down her guitar, and singing over those ballads which were so admired by the late A. M. That Miss Julia Wapscott's society was agreeable I had other evidence than my own. Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens never failed, when that young lady sat beside me upon the sofa, to place herself as near as possible, that no word of her conversation should be lost. Why Miss Julia should have shown visible annoyance at this admiration I am at a loss to divine; but it was an unquestionable fact that such was the truth.

I think I have remarked, in some previous part of this narrative, that Miss Georgina Wapscott slightly objected to a romp, when it was to be performed with me. The cause has since been removed, and Miss Georgina Wapscott now sees no impropriety in entering upon numberless romps, even to repletion. My education in this line had been sadly neglected. I began my first efforts much as a bear may be supposed to learn dancing; but I so rapidly improved that I felt the deprecations of Mrs. J. Scrawlens were undeserved, even though that lady, in her desire to see me uphold my own dignity, has said more than once, "Potts, don't make a fool of yourself."

I hope I am violating none of the amenities of life in my assertion that there was something exceedingly pleasant in a romp with Miss Georgina, even though she oftentimes gave way to little exuberations that lead to more action than is physically agreeable. Miss Georgina can certainly pull one's hair until the tears will run out of the eyes. She has certainly a delightful little hand to clasp within one's own and gently squeeze; but when the same hand is laid with a propelling power on the ears it lacks a charm. Miss Georgina had the whitest and most pearl-like of teeth; but when they were fixed upon one's finger their pearliness was forgotten. But then Miss Georgina was plump and rosy; and it is a privilege not to be frowned upon, that of holding a plump, rosy, laughing maiden of seventeen in one's arms, even though she may scratch, bite, and give way to other natural efforts to escape.

In the beginning of this narrative I think I remarked that I was a widower of exactly one year's standing. This brings me down to last Thursday week in my history, when an event occurred which, while it marks an era, shows at one glance how little we can foretell the mysterious workings of destiny. Before that evening all was peace and calm content. In my little front parlor, where I had passed so many delightful hours with the late lamented Anna Maria, sat Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens and myself, with Miss Julia Wapscott for company. On occasions like this, when the pale mid-summer moonlight streamed in through the open windows, it was the especial desire of Julia to sit without lights. I leaned toward her. I glanced instinctively toward Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, who had sat but a few moments before rigid in the great chair opposite, and perceived that she had dropped away, perhaps soothed by the song, into a slumber, which but slightly announced itself by a breathing which could scarce be called a snore. I could see the eyes of Miss Julia wander toward the same spot, and then flash back into mine a strange intelligence. I touched her plump and silky hand, and it was not withdrawn. I held it in both my own. Heavens! the thrill of that moment! How many cycles of time can one live in an instant? I bent over the beauteous form, and pressed that hand against my breast. I gazed into the full, dark eyes, which gleamed in the moonlight as two great rubies. I whispered only "Julia!" and a whisper came back, "Theodore!"—Theodore is my name. Our faces were close. One single inch of advance and our lips had met in a silent salute, when a crash awakened me from the wild, ecstatic bliss. I raised my eyes to behold before me Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, towering like a giant, and ejaculating only the one word, "Get out!"

Is it necessary to say that Miss Julia Wapscott and myself were both upon our feet in an instant, and that the room seemed at once lit up to a supernatural brilliancy by the flashes from the eyes of that young lady and of Mrs. Jabez? Is it necessary to say this and a hundred things more to show how terribly the shock fell? Shall I confess that, under the embarrassment of the position, I was speechless, but that Miss Julia was not?

It will hardly be necessary for me to chronicle the terrors of that evening. In fact, I believe that there is a point beyond which the chronicler has no power, and that point was reached on that identical evening. There was a terrible clash of voices—of two voices. A figure swelling into gigantic proportions, with its hands resting upon the hips, and the elbows extended, which, in the dismay of the moment, I felt looked much like Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens, and then again it did not. Then there was a figure brought stern and sharp against the moonlight, with all the dress of Miss Julia, but with a celerity of action which I felt never could have belonged to that young lady. Then there were loud words, hisses, wild mocking laughs, two or three sounds resembling the action of a person in expectoration, a rush of feet upon the stairs, the door thrown open without knocking, the dim figures of Miss Helen and Miss Georgina, the wild rushing of the latter, and the sudden fall of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens; and then all was void and darkness, every thing seeming to go away into far space, out of which came sounds in the voice of Miss Julia, much enlarged, which shaped themselves into the words "Ninny," "Wretch," "Stupid Fool," and "Beast," all of which I knew, even in my unconscious state, were intended for me.

When the outer world came back to me, the first sight that met my eyes, walking with hasty strides through the room, was the person of Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens—nothing else human was present. That lady fixed her eyes upon my reviving form, and in a moment gave way to the pent-up agonies of her soul. There are some, perhaps, who would not have considered that her words or manner of delivery were exactly of the kind that would have awakened remorse in the guilty soul; but to such I can only say that we are not all alike. When I thought of that faithful and devoted woman, who had given into my care the only child of her lone widowhood, who had clung to my fortunes through two years four months and thirteen days of matrimonial bliss, and one year of loneliness (except the Misses Wapscott), I could not but realize that I had acted the part of a villain. When I remembered the numberless instances of her practical affection, the delicious puddings, the incomparable pastry, the way in which she made coffee, and her manner of cooking a wild duck, I felt that in suffering my heart to go out groping into the darkness after the Misses Wapscott was an act unworthy of a gentleman, and only to be atoned for by a lifetime of devotion.

I shall not repeat what Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens said that evening, or what was my response. It will be enough to say that the moon went down upon us in peace, and that as I am now writing this history, the Misses Wapscott are moving away from No. 1157 Twenty-second Avenue—a consummation which was settled by Mrs. J. S. without my intervention.

To-morrow I am to be married to that charming woman, Mrs. Jabez Scrawlens.

THE LAST CRUSADE OF THE EMPEROR FRIEDRICH BARBAROSSA.

THROUGH the misty Middle Ages, towering high above the rest,
Glitters Kaiser Barbarossa, with a bright and spotless crest.

Good in camp and great in council, he rises to our view,
Kingliest presence, 'mid the shadows that crowd the century through.

When the red beard of his manhood hung in ashen white and gray,
Through the hungry mountain passes Kaiser Friedrich took his way.

"The holy tomb, Jerusalem, is seized by Saladin,
And Paynim profanation takes the place of prayer and hymn.

"With one clearly pious action let our life for this world end,
And Jerusalem the glorious from this pagan rout defend!"

On the plain of Roncaglia, where his shield, seen high and far,
Shone upon his loyal soldier as a changeless radiant star,

Shone upon the battered peasants, shone o'er plumed noble proud,
And selfish spirits trembled, and crushed ones cried aloud

To this bravest hero Kaiser, who for rule of judgment took
Nor threat of sword, nor bribe of gold, nor old Justinian's book.

"To my *Master* I must answer. I am Kaiser over you;
But my God has made me powerful, and I owe him service true."

Sceptred Justice sat down with him in his weather-beaten tent,
And lifted head and lightened heart from audience with them went.

Came a messenger, hard traveled, from the sacred city's shrine,
With word of bitterest sorrow from the hills of Palestine.

"Oh, my son!" groaned Kaiser Friedrich; "oh, my gallant heir is dead!"
And the anguish of the father bowed the hero's kingly head.

"Woe is me, my son has perished! Oh, my son, my son is slain!
But Christ the Lord is living! Let us on, still on, my men!

"Still his sepulchre is sacred, still his cross is put to shame,
And to victory we must struggle for the glory of his name."

When his eager feet were planted on Calvary's mystic hill,
And gentle airs of Palestine his conquering banners fill,

As the crowning flush of triumph, as his own peculiar joy,
At the tomb of Christ the risen Friedrich found his living boy.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE JAPANESE.

To Major Jack Downing, P.M., Downingville, State ov Maine, in care of Mister Harper, who'll send it in print.

WASHINGTUN, *May* 15, 1860.

HONNURD UNCLE,—Here I be agin, large as life, and twice as nat'ral, and hope these few lines 'll find yeou enjoyin' the same blessin'. The fact on't is, that we got so orphully squabbled up deown tew Charlestun that Gin'ral Cushing and I didn't how what on airth tew dew. One mornin' the Gin'ral come aboard the scunur, and ses he,

"Corporol!"

"Gin'ral!" ses I, jumpin' rite inter my close.

Ses he, "Cum abord the Bosting stemur, and les talk along with Butlur."

And I went. But tha'd got the train agoin', and part wos on wun track, and part wos switch'd orf, and wot tew dew they didn't kno. All at wunse ses I,

"Deown tew Downinville, when Sargent Joel gits the cumpenny eout, and trys the revolushuns ov the line, an' they gits awl mixed up, wot d'ye s'pose he dus?"

"Wot?" ses they.

"Why," ses I, "*he brakes ranks till next Saturdy arternoon!*"

They tuk the hint, ajurn'd their Cunvenshuns, and we're awl aflote agin.

Menewhile they sed I must go tew Washuntun; and gittin' a chanse tew hire eout the schunur for fratin' rice up a little rivur, I cum strate hear, jist as indurpendunt as tho' we'd made a nommernashun, in spite ov Slydell and t'uther phellers that's so masturly agin Douglass.

Mr. Buckcannon was mighty glad tew see me, I tell yeou. Ses he,

"I've red in Mr. Harper's paper heow yeou told your folks in Main heow their atryin' tew poke sharp sticks inter me in that Committy, set on by Forney and the very phellers that maid all this corrupshon."

Ses I, "The Downings is as trew as steal, and Dimmocrats ov the cleanest grit."

Ses he, "I know'd it. And I've got an offis for yeou that'll keep yeou abeout hear a spell, tew help us along."

Ses I, "What offis?"

Ses he, "Master ov Cerymonys tew the Jappyknees."

"Jappyknees!" ses I. "Cerymonys! Wot is it? Mattrymony?"

"No, no," ses the President, a larfin' like fun. "That cerymony won't be purform'd here jist neow, witheout Miss Lane takes it inter her hed tew leve me; but this is anuther matter. These Jappyknees, Corporol Downing, be a strange set ov phellers, that live over by Chiny, and we've made 'em open their doors—"

"Now I knose," ses I. "Didn't Squire Fessenden send Uncle Major Jack three big books from that Pub. Doc. 'stablishment by male? And didn't I make a lectur abeout it for the Downinville Mutual Admirashun and Improvement Sosiety abeout it?"

"You're jist the man for the rite plase," ses Mr. Buckcannon. And he give me a letter tew the Commisshunners, and told me tew go abord the stemur the next day. And I went, punctual as Aunt Nabby Greenlefe's dinnur-horn.

The Commisshuners wos awl navy offisurs. Thair was Captin Dupont, brother of the Dupont powder-mill in Delawhair, and Captin Lee—both ov 'em havin' bin tew Jappan; and Captin Porter, who'd been to the ismus with a stemur a good menny times. Then thair wos Mr. Ledyard, who marry'd Gin'ral Cass's dartur, and represented the old gentleman; and Doctur M'Donald, who's Secreterry tew the Commisshun; and sum undurstrappers from the Navy Departmunt; and the Mareens Band, in red flannel cotes, a playin' like phun. Consarn their tootin', they'd varyate Yankee Doodle sew that it sounded like an opery.

Wa'al, deown the Potomoc we went, eatin' icecreme, and enjoyin' life—Congress havin' apropreyated fifty thousand dollars, and more ov the same sort acomin'. There wos a masterly storm; but presendly the Jappyknees come along, and we went abord their stemur tew see them.

Don't I wish yeou'd a bin their, Uncle Jack; and if yeou had, yeou'd have larfed fit tew split. Their wos we, awl in unerform, grate big men; and their wos they, little, peaked, slim chaps, dressed e'enermost like wimmen folks, but as bright and chippur as a school-marm on examanashun mornin'. They torked mighty glib, but we didn't no wot they sed no more than if the'd a bin so menny blackbirds. They maid eout not tew no wot we sed, but if they deon't my name ain't Downing. Jappyknees ain't no fules, I tell yeou.

'Twas Sabbath-day, but the Jappyknees ain't converted yit, sew we went ashoar and saw the forty-ficashuns, and they fired the grate guns, and made a reg'lar gen'ral trainin' ov it. Then we awl went up river agin tew Washingtun.

The hed men kept sort ov dignyphied; and I found eout, by a Dutcher gentleman along who'd bin eout thair, that their wos tew on 'em, and that in Jappan theirs tew of every thing, jest as we used tew be Dimocrats or Whigs. Their's tew Emperors, and so we've got tew Embassadors, and each feller's got a duplercate, clear deown tew the bute-blacks.

Yesterday morning we wos a stemin' up the Potomac, flags a flyin', drums a betin', and the Jappyknees a greasin' up there hare inter littel kues on top ov their heds, a pintin' forred. There close wos wimmin fashun e'enamost, with grate trowsurs, and big sleves, from under wich there bear arms show'd. Each man had a littel white mark soed on his blue dressin'-gown, and sum had sords stuck in there belts.

Wa'al, as we drawed near tew the navy yard it looked like a bee-hive, chock full of peeple, awl dressed up. Flags wos a flyin', sogers was a marchin' abeout, offisers was a struttin' reound like ravin' deestracted roosturs, and 'twas a reg'lar fourth ov July. The Jappyknees wos delited, and wun ov them sed tew me, ses he, "Very good; much pigeon." What on airth he ment I dun no.

While we wos a waitin' I spyd wun ov Mr. Harper's artists a sketchin' away like phun, makin' a pictur ov the yard, and ov the peeple, and ov the white-washed plank-walk for the Jappyknees to cum ashoar on, and the sogers, and the stemeboat we wos on, Jappyknees and awl, includin' me. But awl at wunst he seed sumthin' on the bote, and stop'd drawin', and begun to larf like phun. I looked tew see what on airth he was a larfin' at, and thair was a Jappyknee oppositioner a sketchin' away like phun tew. I deon't wundur Mr. Harper's artist was kinder knocked aback tew see this feller, and I would like tew see the tew picturs, side by side, jist tew see which feller was best.

At last awl was reddy, and the crowd went ashoar, the big guns what wos took from the Britishers in the last war blazin' away like fun, and the music a playin' their forrin variated Hale Columby, and the peeple a cheerin', and the Jappyknees a lookin' areound dredful tickled. It bete Gin'ral Jacksun a cumin' tew Bosting, when yeou wos with him, awl tew peaces, as yeou will see by a lookin' at Mr. Harper's pictur. That air pictur will save me a deal ov explanashun, for thair it awl is, as large as life and twice as nat'ral.

Then we got inter kerryges, and, escorted by the millingterry, went rite deown past the Cappertol tew Willard's Hotel, the peeple a cheerin' like phun. It wos a grate site, and I dun no which was the gratest site in wun kerryge, three Jappynees, a fannin' and a grinnin', or me, Corporal Benjamin Downing, 3d. And judgin' from the looks of the Commisshuners in the t'other kerryges, they wos pretty well sattisphyed with their looks tew.

Willard's wun ov 'em—and a regulur Vermountter at that—who knows heow tew keep a tavern, he does. He had a Jappyknee flag a flyin', and a long entry, with rooms on each side, all fixed up in the nicest sort ov fashun. Sich sofys, and esychares, and carpets, and shandeleers, nevur wos scene.

No soonur wos we thair than a Jappyknee rushed reound and then lotted off the rooms, ritin' the name of each man on a peese of paper, and stickin' it on ev'ry dore, jist like a sine; and when they wos located they went tew fixin' up and maken their twilites, and gittin' ev'ry thing in order. Then they begun tew peek areound; and if there's enny thing in Willard's taverrn they deon't see, I'd like tew know what 'tis, either "up stares, deown stares, or in the Jappyknees' chamber." Their eyes is open, I tell yeou, and what they sees they makes a note on't, as Capting Kuttel used tew sa.

Arter a while we awl went in tew dinner—that is, the hed men ov the Jappyknees and awl ov us offisers. The outlanders used there knives and forks right glib. Mete they wudn't tuch, but they et chicking and fish, toppin' off with isecreme and sugur-plums, and taking as much Champane as they daird tew, fur each party wos a watchin' tuther, and they konstituted a temprance band of self-watchin' bruthers. Wot they didn't drink we did, fur thair's fifty thousand dollors tew be spent, and we mene tew spend it.

Wa'al, dinner wos ovur, and the embassordors went back inter there parlur, whair the ladies and gentlemun went in tew see them. Mr. Harper's artist was a sketchin' them, and so you'll see it jist as plane as if yeou'd a bin thair.

The phun was amung the secund-class Jappyknees, who wur in there rums a smokin' little pipes that are eout in know time, and a drinkin' strong tea eout of varnyshed pasteboard cups, and a jabberin' awfully. Then there artists was a drawin' every thing. If the 'lusterated papers there ain't well supply'd with picturs, t'wunt be the fault of the artists, I tell yeou.

Wa'al, all this time I been a edgin' areound, and a tryin' tew find eout wot these Jappyknees want, wot they mene tew deow, and how long they mene tew stay. But mum's the wurd. Even Mistur Portman, who was eout thair a inturpretin' for Commodor Perry, deon't kno a word. A Thursday, tho', they're a goin' tew see Mr. Buckcannon, and we're a goin' tew hav a grate time, I tell yeou. Gin'ral Scott's a goin' tew be their, and awl sorts of officers, egle buttuns, and ankur buttuns, and perlite old vetruns, and stuck-up new officurs, and the Mareen Band, and awl ov us.

Wich I mene tew rite abeout in my next. Menewhile, why not invite the Jappyknees tew Downingville? Why not? The Selectmen could enturtane awl there frends and naburs—the Downingville Independent Cadets could paraid, and hav thair music bills pade—the tavern would du a smashin' business—and if it did bare hard on the tax-payers, who cairs? We may git up a grate trade with Jappan, takin' thair varnish, and sendin' back dried apples, ax-handles, squash-seed, and other luxurys. Menewhile, say tew Sarah Hale that they ain't no femail Jappyknees, and that wun of them has given me the purtyest fan fur her that ever she seed. Recommendin' yeou tu look at Mr. Harpur's picturs, I am yours till deth,

BENJAMIN DOWNING, 3d.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XVI.

NUPTIALS OF THE GIRL WITH DARK EYES.

THE Captain got up from his chair, stepped to the settee, and pulling the signal cord on the wall, held a short dialogue with the man at the station; then saying in a low, sharp whisper through the tube, "A bright look-out, Pedro!" he resumed his place at the table. The Doctor had in the meanwhile got up and gone to the veranda, where, swinging in a Yucatan grass hammock shielded from the night wind, lay his little patient sleeping soundly. Carefully closing the curtains again around him, he returned to his place. The Padre was now all awake again, with his thick lips open, waiting for the Captain to go on with his story. As for Don Ignacio, he never stirred body or limb, but his eye traveled about perpetually, and he observed the movements of his companions, all at the same time. Still the hoarse roar of the pirates in their carouse arose from the covered sheds in the calm night, and the two solitary lights from each masthead of the felucca and schooner twinkled above the basin of the inlet.

"And now, amigos," began again Captain Brand, after he had assured himself that all was going on as he could wish without, "I shall inform you of the sequel of my adventure with the Señorita Lucia. The evening after the night on which I had declared my passion we were seated at dinner in the after-cabin. Ah! well we were sitting over the dessert, and I was relating to my pretty passenger some account of my early days, and of my lady mother and my old squire of a father—omitting, perhaps, some few uninteresting details."

Here the old commander of the felucca cackled, and his black, beady eye glittered as the thought flashed through his head as to what details his villainous compeer had omitted. How he forged his old father's name, which brought down his gray hairs in sorrow and disgrace to the grave; and how his poor mother, too, died of grief, together with other bitter memories, all of which Captain Brand the Pirate omitted to mention.

"Yes, I related likewise some of my early privateering adventures, when all the broad Atlantic was alive with the fleets of France, England, and Spain; how I was captured by a Spanish brigantine"—omitting again to state that he got up a mutiny with the crew of that brigantine, poniarded the captain and mate in their sleep, and, assuming command of the vessel, changed her colors for a black flag, and began his career as a pirate in the Caribbean Sea—"and how I escaped. To all this she listened with great interest, her large eyes dilating, and her bosom swelling with sympathy as I proceeded, when suddenly the cabin door opened, and my ugly friend Pedillo put his head in and gave me a warning nod."

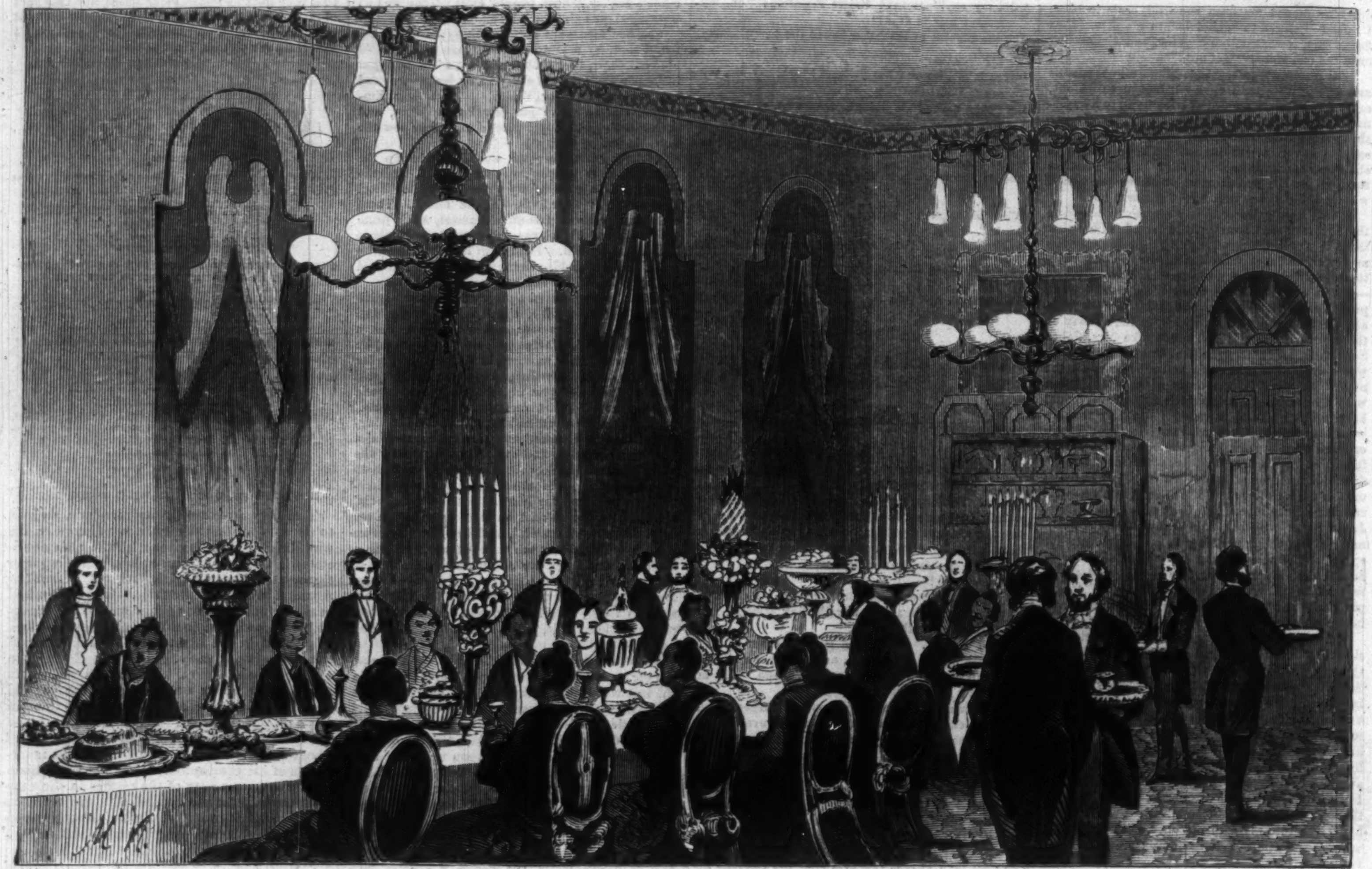
"'What is it?' I said, rather sharply, to Pedillo; 'and how dare you intrude inside my cabin?' I fear too that I came very near doing a mischief to my boatswain, for I am rather impulsive at times, and by the merest accident I happened to have a small pistol in my pocket."

Don Ignacio twitched his sleeve, and looked as if he believed such accidents as pistols being found in the narrator's pockets happened quite often.

"'Señor,' said Pedillo, 'there are two sails standing out from the lee of Culebra Island; and one of them appears to be a large—'

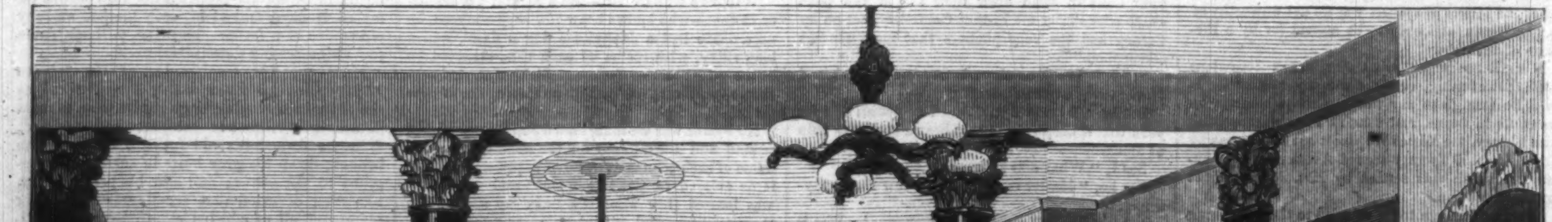
"I stopped any further particulars from the lips of my subordinate by a motion of my finger, and then kissing the hands of the girl—who was somewhat surprised at what had transpired—I left the cabin and jumped on deck.

"The schooner was now running down through the Virgin's Passage, between St. Thomas and Porto Rico, with a fine breeze on the quarter, and the sun was just sinking behind the last named island. I snatched a spy-glass from the rail and looked ahead. There, sure enough, was a sixteen-gun brig on the starboard tack heading across our track, and a large frigate under single-reefed topsails, stretching away over to the opposite shores of Culebra, while they were telegraphing bunting one with another as fast as the bright-colored flags could talk. And as luck would have it, as I swept the glass round, what should I see but a long rakish corvette in company with a huge whale of a line-of-battle ship, with her double tier of ports glimmering away in the slanting rays of the sun; both on the wind and coming out from under the lee of

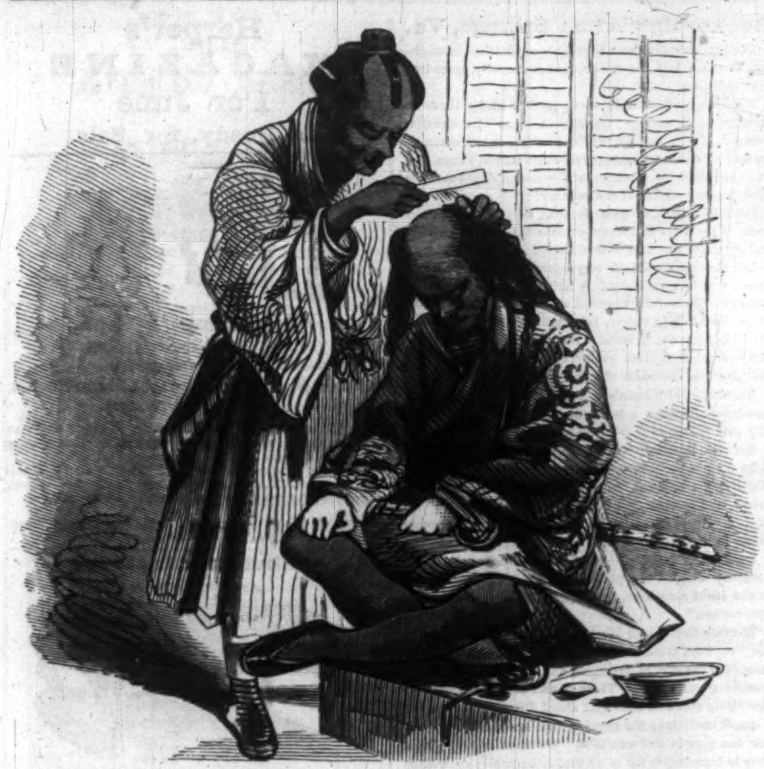


THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS AND SUITE AT DINNER AT WILLARD'S, WASHINGTON.—[See Page 327.]

Culebra Point, just a mile or two astern of us. By the blood of Barabbas, caballeros, we were in a trap for wolves, and the hounds were in full cry! I immediately, however, luffed the schooner up and steered boldly for the frigate; and as a puff of smoke spouted out from the lee bow of the Admiral to windward, and before the boom of the gun's report reached us, I hoisted American colors. Seeing this, the brig hove in stays, and perhaps, being ordered to board me, came staggering along on the other tack across our fore foot, while the frigate went round too and held her wind toward her consorts to windward. Now this was just the disposition which I wanted of the vessels, and it could not have been done better for my plans had I been the Ad-



PRESENTATION OF AN AMERICAN LADY TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS AT WILLARD'S, WASHINGTON.—[See Page 327.]



THE JAPANESE BARBER SHAVING THE HEAD OF HIS MASTER, IN THE COURT-YARD OF WILLARD'S HOTEL.—[SEE PAGE 327.]

miral of the squadron. In less than a quarter of an hour the brig—and no great things she was, with a contemptible battery, as I could see, of short carronades—hove aback a little on the bow of the schooner, and gave us a warning of a twenty-four pound shot across our fore foot to heave to also, at the same time hoisting the English ensign.

"So! ho!" ejaculated Captain Brand, as he twisted the point of his nose, accompanied by a malevolent scowl, "Señores, I at once hauled flat aft the foresail, dropped the main peak, and put the helm up as if to round to under the brig's stern; whereupon my man-of-war friend dropped a cutter into the water, and she had just shoved off in readiness to board me, when before you could light a paper cigar I ran up the main peak, got a pull of the sheets, and the *Centipede* was off again like a shark with his fin above water, heading for the narrow passage between Culebra and Crab Islands. It was at least five minutes before that stupid brig could believe his eyes, and ten more before he got hold of the boat again, when she filled away and began to pop gun after gun at me as he could bring his battery to bear! There was only one shot that skipped on board us, and that only smashed off both legs of a negro, and then hopped off through the foresail to windward. Had I not had a good dinner that day and pleasant society on board"—how peculiarly the speaker smiled—"I should perhaps have taught that brig such a lesson that he would not have cared to report it to his Admiral. But as I knew I had the heels of him, and as the rest of the squadron were now crowding all sail and keeping off in chase of me, I ordered Pedillo, just in touching my hat and saying 'Adios,' to clear away the long gun and return the brig's salute. The shot struck him just forward the night heads by the bowsprit, and by the way the splinters flew and his jib and head sails came down, I knew I had crippled him for an hour at least. At the same time, to prevent any mistakes as to our quality, and to satisfy the Admiral's curiosity, we hauled down the Yankee colors and set our swallow-tailed flag."

"Rather dark bunting! no?" edged in Don Ignacio.

"Ay, amigo, as black as that eye of thine, though not half so murderous," retorted the Pirate as he continued his narrative.

"Bueno, there came the whole of the squadron down after us, spitting out from their bridle ports mouthfuls of cold iron, which all went to the bottom of the Virgin's Passage, for not one came within a mile of the schooner; and then I led them such a dance through that intricate cluster of reefs and islets, that soon after dark they gave up the game, and I said 'Buenas noches' to them all!"

Here Captain Brand paused, made a careful selection of a beautifully turned trabuco cigar from the box, shouted to Babette to produce some old Santa Cruz rum, sugar, lemons, and hot water—screeching hot he said—at which the Padre crossed himself; and then throwing his fine legs, encased in the lustrous silk stockings, on a chair beside him, and while his eyes gazed fondly on the brilliants sparkling in the buckles of his shoes, he resumed his tale.

"When I went below again, after every thing had become quiet on deck, I found my stag-eyed sweet-heart waiting to receive me. How superbly she looked, as she made a movement from the cushions where she had been reclining and exclaimed,

"'Oh, Señor! what has happened, and what was the cause of all that noise of guns, and those cries of agony I heard above?'

"'Querida Lucia,' I replied, 'we have been where there are—a—pirates, but fortunately have escaped, and the cries you heard were from one of my poor crew who got slightly wounded by a shot.'

"'*Ah, malditos piratos!* cursed pirates!' exclaimed the charming beauty, as she put both her hands in mine, 'and how thankful am I that you are not hurt! But, *querido mio!* dear one!' she went on, 'when shall we get to Porto Rico and *our* dear father? We must be near, for I heard one of your sailors shout to you the name of the Island!'

"In reply, I told her that we had been near Porto Rico, but that—a—circumstances were such, on account of the dangerous pirates who infested those seas, that I felt obliged, for her safety—you understand—to run along down by Hispaniola—she not having a very clear idea of the position and geography of those parts—and that our cruise might probably be prolonged for a few days more."

"And into tophet, perhaps," said the Doctor, with a hollow voice, and a calm, cold eye.

"Oh no, my friends, certainly nothing so bad as that. Possibly to heaven! but, *quien sabe!* no one can tell!

"However," pursued the Captain, "I soon succeeded in allaying her apprehensions, and then I threw myself at her feet, and implored her to risk her father's displeasure and to marry me at once; that she knew her father was cold, stern, and obdurate, and should he frown upon my suit, I should die of despair! I used these passionate appeals and many more, until at last the fond girl yielded her consent to my entreaties.

"'But the priest, *querido mio!*' she exclaimed, as she rose and disengaged herself from my arms. I told her that I chanced to have one on board as a passenger, who would perform the ceremony.

"And so I had," added Captain Brand, "or at least a very near approach to one, for my ugly boatswain, Pedillo, had been bred up—as an acolyte—you comprehend—in the house of a rich old prelate of San Paulo Cathedral in Trinidad, to whom Pedillo, one fine morning, gave about eight inches of his cuchillo!"

"Jesus! Maria!" exclaimed Padre Ricardo, starting back with horror, and telling his beads.

"Ay, mi Padre, Pedillo assassinated the Holy Father, and plundered his cash-box besides; and so you see Pedillo was just the man I wanted."

Don Ignacio nodded his wicked old head through a cloud of cigar smoke, as a sign of approval.

"Accordingly, Señores, the next day I made the trusty Pedillo cut off all the bushy beard about his ugly face, and had the crown of his head shaved besides—quite like that round oily spot there on top of good Ricardo's poll; and then he rigged himself out in a clerical gown, to which the trunks of my bride's old mother contributed, and, take my word for it, he was as proper and rascally a looking priest as could be found on the Island of Cuba. He performed the ceremony, too, by way of practice, on Lascar Joe and the second cook beforehand, with as much decorum and solemnity, and gave as pious a benediction, as his old Trinidad uncle the prelate ever did. Well, that evening we were married."

"How many times has the Capitano been married?" grunted out Don Ignacio.

"Why, let me reflect," as he threw his cold, icy look at the frame of miniatures on the opposite wall. "You mean, compadre, how often the ceremony has been performed. Ah! I think on eleven occasions. No; it was only ten. Madame Mathilde had two husbands living when I made love to her, and declined to take a third. But then, you know, I have an affectionate disposition, and I can not set my heart against the fascinations of the sex."

He gave vent to these moral sentiments, as if he really meant them to be believed and generally adopted by his audience.

"Well, that same evening I was married to the beautiful Señorita Lucia Lavarona; though I am sorry to say that Pedillo did not perform his part of the business so well as I had expected of him, from his practice in the morning. He stammered a good deal, and when he raised the crucifix to the lips of the young girl, her innocent looks and maidenly majesty of deportment so struck my coadjutor with confusion that he let the crucifix fall to the deck at her dainty feet. This little incident caused me some displeasure; but, reflecting that the poets tell us that

> 'A tiger, 'tis said, will turn and flee
> From a maid in the pride of her purity,'

I said myself nothing to the abashed Pedillo as I gave him back the emblem; but I favored him with a look, with my right hand in my pocket—this fashion."

Here the cold-blooded scoundrel dipped his thumb and forefinger into the flap of his waistcoat, while the commander of the Guarda Costa waved his brown digit before him, as if he knew what was there all the time.

"Ah! that restored my new-made priest to his senses, and he then got through the ceremony entirely to my satisfaction.

"However," said Captain Brand, turning with lazy indifference toward Padre Ricardo, "ever after this I resolved not to take the risk of such another chance of failure; and this is the reason why I first sought your services."

"Gracias á Dios! Thanks be to Heaven, my son, that you found me," said the sacrilegious wretch, as he bowed to his superior and sipped a glass of rum punch.

"At the conclusion of our nuptials, while I held my sweet Lucia to my heart and kissed her pale brow, and while tears of crystal drops, half in rapture and half in sorrow, dimmed her large, sparkling black eyes, she withdrew this royal sapphire from her slender finger, and gently placing the gem on mine—where you see it, amigos—she said:

"'My dear and only love, this is the talisman of my race. It has been for ages in my family, and it has been the guardian of our hope and honor. Receive it, friend of my heart, and be the protector of the young girl who yielded up to you her very soul!'"

The Doctor started as if he had been stung by a scorpion; but Captain Brand, heedless or inattentive to the movement, went on:

"Yes, caballeros, those were her very words; murmured, too, in her low contralto tones with a pure lisping Castilian accent, as she laid her stately head on my shoulder.

"Ay, those were rapturous moments; and it was in some degree—yes, I may say in truth—entirely her own fault that they did not last.

"Well, for some days—eight or ten, perhaps—with light baffling winds, we crept stealthily along the south side of St. Domingo; but the weather was delightful, and the time passed on the wings of a zephyr. In the warm, soft evenings, with the moon or stars shedding their pearly gleams over the sea, she sat beside me on the deck of the schooner, watching with girlish interest the white sails above her head, or singing to me the sweet little sequidillas of her native land. And again, starting up from my arms, she would peep over the counter, trace the foam as it flashed and bubbled in our wake, or point to the track of a dolphin as he leaped above the luminous waves and went like a bullet to leeward.

"I flatter myself, caballeros, that there have been periods in my career on the high seas or on land, and may be again, for aught I know"—continued the elegant pirate, as he crossed his legs and threw back the lappels of his velvet coat, so as to expose the magnificence of his waistcoat, and the frills on his broad, muscular chest—"when men of high birth and breeding, and lonely women too of noble lineage, have not thought it beneath them to dine with, or to receive the homage of—a—Captain Brand.

"And, por Dios!"—the narrator did not consider it unbecoming his cloth and profession to swear in a foreign language—"por Dios! Señores, I have known the time, too, when I have played whist with a French prince of the blood and two knights of the Golden Fleece.

"Yes," the Captain went on, "I have every reason to know that I won the hearts, and purses too sometimes, of some of the fine people I met in refined society. But yet there have been occasions when the game has gone against me."

Don Ignacio's tenacious memory came into play, and he looked back to the time when he himself had cleaned his profuse friend out of all his gains at the card-table, even to the buttons of his coat, but he gave no sign of remembrance of those days, and only blew a dense cloud of smoke from his thin yellow nostrils as the Captain spoke.

"Though those occasions have not been of frequent recurrence.

"So passed the days, Caballeros; and when one morning the high mountains back of Port Guantamano were reported to me, I felt a presentiment that my dream of bliss was drawing to a close. Indeed I might probably have remained at sea a week or two longer, but the men were getting a little impatient, and I thought it better to sacrifice my own pleasure to theirs. That day we caught a cracking breeze out of the windward passage, and toward midnight we came up with this little sandy island here.

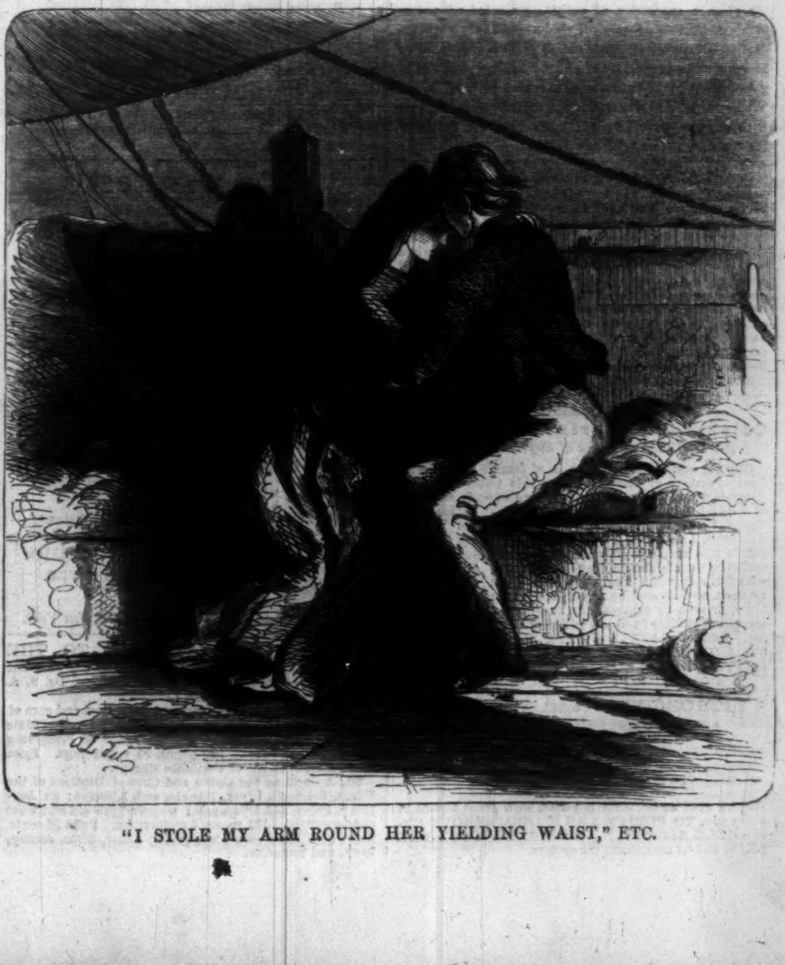
"The preparations for going into port excited the curiosity of my bride, for, poor thing! she believed we were bound into Porto Rico, and I had some trouble in inducing her to go below before we crossed the reef. Bueno! the coast was clear, the signals were all right, and an hour later the schooner had her anchor down and sails furled pretty much in the spot where she now lies moored.

"While, however, we were sweeping up the inlet I sent a boat ahead, with directions for my tidy old housekeeper, Babette, to have every thing prepared to receive her new mistress. Just then one of those terrible thunder-storms came up; heavy masses of clouds obscured the sky, followed by such double-barrel shocks and intensely vivid lightning as is only beheld in the tropics preceding the equinox. The rain too came along in horizontal sheets driven by a squall which burst in fury over the island, and it seemed to me that all the devils from hell were howling and shrieking in the air.

"Shielded from the storm by a large boat cloak, I carried my beautiful bride, with her face nestling on my breast, to the cove, and then I bore her into this fine saloon.

"I shall never forget the sweet words she whispered, and the loving caresses she gave me on that little journey, even while the tempest almost dashed me to the ground, and the sharp flashes of lightning nearly blinded me. They were the last she ever lavished upon me!"

No sigh escaped the lips of this cold-blooded monster as he uttered these words; no sign of feeling for the ruin of a gentle girl whom he had betrayed to his piratical den of infamy and crime; whose dream of life was destroyed like a crushed rose leaf, and all her hope gone from that moment.



"I STOLE MY ARM ROUND HER YIELDING WAIST," ETC.

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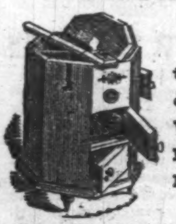

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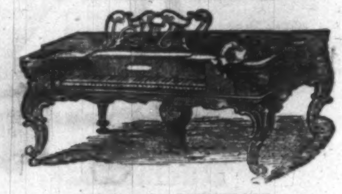

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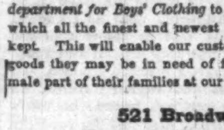

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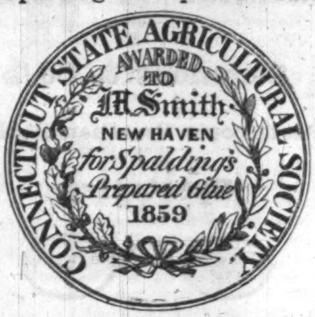

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